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OLD POOR ROBIN. An ALMANACK.

COMPOSED

(According to the most modern Mode of Composition)

ON

A Variety of Subjects, both Ancient and Modern,

And for the Reader's further Entertainment,

Part in Prose,
Part in Verse;
Part Narrative,

|| Part Contemplative;
|| Part Serious,
|| Part Comic,

FOR THE

Entertainment and Improvement of the human Mind,
and adapted to the meanest Capacity.

BEING

A new improved Edition of a very old
EPHEMERIS, for the Year of our Lord 1784.
Being the One Hundred and Twenty second Edition;
also Bissextile or Leap Year,
And the Thirty-second Year of the New Style in Great Britain.

Written by POOR ROBIN, Knight
Island, and a Well-Wisher to the MATHEMATICS.

Of Pamphlets of Old, and of Almanacks, two
Experience tells us how soon they expire;
Yet the Fates have ordain'd it that ROBIN shall last
While Wise Men shall read, or while Fools can admire.

Yet of all his kind Customers, near or afar, none
He hopes (for his Worles, when they lovingly call,)
Will buy the Poor Robin that's published by CARNON,
But honest OLD ROBIN of Stationer's Hall.

L O N D O N.

Printed for the Company of STATIONERS:

And sold by JOHN WILKIE at their Hall in Ludgate-Street,
1784. [Price gd. stitched.]

Ephemerides. K.

Which, if well minded, are worth more than all this invaluable Ephemeris.

PAY your Duty to God nor his Worship forsake,
 And maturely reflect ere you aught undertake.
 On your own happy Talents presume not too much,
 Prize the Honest, and let your Companions be such.
 Conform in your Ways to the Thoughts of the Wise,
 And when wrong, give it up without any Disguise.
 That Attention you give to Instruction is fit.
 'Tis a dangerous Thing to affect too much Wit.
 So no Man entertain with what's out of his Sphere,
 But in all your Discourse be for ever sincere;
 Your Word as your Life keep from all Violation,
 And for ever join Promise with Consideration.
 By Friendliness, Sweetness, and Complaisance show
 You're to all Men a Friend, then who can be your Foe?
 Though not too familiar, still easy your Air,
 And ere duely weigh'd to decide you must fear.
 Without Weakness forgive with disinterested Face,
 To the Great be submissive without being base.
 Each good Man your Friend then endeavour to make,
 Nor Sureties, nor Law-suits by choice undertake.
 In others Affairs not inquisitive grown,
 And without Affectation be still in your own.
 When its needful to lend, with a good Grace pray do it,
 And when to reward, go as liberally to it.
 And in whatever Habit, or Fashion, or Dress,
 Forget not yourself, and beware of Excess.
 Compassionate ever the Slips of another,
 Support his Defaults, and be true as a Brother;
 Thus Troubles surmount, where the Spirit would faint,
 And suffer them not your good Humour to taint.
 Where Discord has reign'd, make fair Peace to be known,
 And avenge not yourself but by Benefits shown.
 Without Sharpness blame, without Flattery praise,
 Submit to be laugh'd at, but don't Laughter raise.
 Give Credit to each in his own Occupation,
 Affect not to criticise thro' Ostentation.
 Reproach not your Fellows with Benefits done,
 But keep them as secret as Faults of your own.
 Prevent the sad Need of an unhappy Friend,
 Be generous . . . But waste will in Misery end.
 Be mindful of Kindness, Ingratitude shun.
 Play . . . but for Refreshment when Business is done.
 Speak little, think much, and no Person deceive,
 If you do . . . pray expect to receive as you give.
 Then play not the Tyrant when poor Men are bending.
 Against Laws of good Manners beware of offending.—

P R E F A C E. ³

WITH a merry Heart and a chearful Countenance sat I down to write this present Preface.—My near Neighbour, Benjamin Barter, Quaker and Cheesemonger, has thus advised me.—Friend—said he—mind in thy Writings that nothing loose or prophane shall curdle upon the Stomach of thy righteous Readers.

Leave the old Milk Productions of Merriment to the Swine of Sensuality, and see that thy Compositions are made of the Cream of Sincerity.—So shall thy Book be read with delightful Improvement; and verily thou shalt profit thereby.

What, said I, do you think any body will give me Tenance for it?

Pshaw, says Nathan Neverpleas'd; Nailor and Newsmonger—Write against Government:—that is the Way to be advanced.

Yes, said I, to a Pillory—but, by your Worship's leave, I will just write as I please.

I will write somewhat that shall promote Laughter.

I had dipped my Pen into the Ink-stand: pluck'd it away again, and taken a Hair out of it when—Good Heavens; what a precarious World we live in. Here stood this poor Head upon these two old Shoulders, like a Cracker by the Side of a Bit of burning Touch-wood ready to fire away with Fun. When, lo! a Death-Bell tolling, took my Attention away from my Subject.

Go Love, said I to my dear Lady (who then stood skinning a Flea at the Door) see who that Bell is for—she went—she returned with a sorrowful Tale indeed.

Your old Friend, said she, Mr. Swillit, as he sat in the Arbour, said to his Wife

Oh! I'm quite parch'd,
Dry is this Lump of Clay:
Then let me drink
And moisten while I may.

She brought him a Bottle—he uncorked it, and immediately dropped down in an Apoplectick Fit with a full Glass in his Hand.

Good Heavens, what Tidings were these.—Away flew Fun and Frolic.—And away flew Foolishness, all but what my Wife retained; while moping Melancholy and deep Seriousness took Possession of my Soul.—Gracious Powers, said I, what a Change; sudden and unexpected; awful and alarming.—Death to the departing

parting Saint, long prepared for the fatal Stroke; waiting with Resignation for the wish'd for Hour when holy Angels shall sing his Requiem; may appear a desired Visitor—Yet Death, even there, seems but a grim Messenger upon a welcome Errand.—But, unprepared for that tremendous Moment; to be suddenly snatch'd from every fond Delight; to go we know not where, and live we know not how:—O my Dear 'tis horrible. Horrible indeed, said my dear Lady.—But I wish you would paint this Scene over again;—throw out some of your deepest Shades, and let us View it in a livelier Colouring, and a more pleasing Light.—I will endeavour, replied I.—I took up the Subject once more.—I proceeded in this Manner:

Death is the common Lot of all.—Some were born to Wealth; some to want. I know that, said she.—Some (continued I) were born to Honour; others perhaps to Disgrace—but we are all born to die. Surely, then, as every Step we make through Life leads us to the silent Grave: it highly behoves us to make a due Preparation for a joyful Exit, our most important Business; nor vainly think that a few Death-Bed Tears will wash away all the Stains of a long polluted Life.

I would not here absolutely pronounce a Death Bed Repentance of none Effect; but I think it was well said of one of the Fathers of the primitive Church; when preaching upon the penitent Thief on the Cross, he said thus: We hear of one who was saved at the last Hour, that no one need despair; and of but one, that no other might presume.—The best Way to be prepared then against that important Hour, is always to carry a Conscience void of Offence, in a Heart that breathes Peace on Earth and good Will towards Men.

As to our dear departed Friend; certain it is, such was his Disposition, and all his Friends will witness that universal Love and sweet Content were ever the Inhabitants of his Breast, while Charity stretched forth his Hand, and Benevolence administer'd the Balm of Comfort to each sad Object around him.—I know that every Man has his Failings.—So do I, said my Wife. Yet even his very Failing leaned to the Side of Virtue and good Fellowship.—Perhaps he might be rather fonder than Prudence would advise of the exhilarating Glass.—Your Fault exactly, replied she.—Well, said I, he is gone: and the Poor have lost a Friend, and I a good Companion. But alas;—here I wanted Words.—My Wife who never wants any, supplied me.—All Flesh is Grass, said she.—Why thou dearest of all Creatures (replied I) that ever existed since Adam and Eve first brought Existence into Fashion; those are the very Words I wanted.—Yes, said I, enlarging upon the Idea:—All Flesh is Grass.—The Flesh of Man is common Grass.—That of Woman is Scurvy Grass.—Now, knowing how dear Scurvy Grass sells in Comparison with the other; I meant this as a Compliment.—My Wife took it otherwise, What, said she, you will be setting up for a Wit next;

next; but, beware you don't break for Want of Stock. I answered, alas! so far am I from pretending to Wit; that I am resolved this Moment to sit down and write a Sermon.

Nay, says she, you're Fool enough already, don't make yourself appear worse; besides, consider what showers of divine Nonsense, are daily poured upon us by the extempore Sermonizers of the present Age.

The Butcher knocks down Iniquity like an Ox; and Unbelief like a fatted Calf, extends his Mutton Fist over the Congregation of the Elect, and sprinkles them all with the Blood of the Lamb.—The Baker cuts away the Crust of the old Leaven, and kneads the Soul up again into the Dough of Regeneration; Bakes it in the sanctifying Oven of the Spirit, and makes it Bread fit for the New Jerusalem.—The Gardener, prays that the Saints may spring up like Mushrooms; flourish like a Plat of promising Peas, and Grow like a good Crop of Potatoes; and while their Affections to Things on Earth are as cool as a Cucumber, their Faith may be strong as an Onion. He plants; his Wife Waters, and they both wait for an Increase.

The Joiner, with the Hammer of the Spirit, knocks the Nail of Contrition into Hearts as hard as an Oak Board. He planes off the Knots and Knobs from the troubled Mind, while he makes it smooth by his alluring Speeches, and thus skews himself into the Affections of his gaping Audience.

The Cobler pricks them with the Awl of Conviction; straps them with Gospel Threatnings, makes them new Souls, and softens their over Leathers with the Oil of saving Grace; while the sly Taylor measures out to his sanctified Females, Crumbs of Comfort by the Yard.

O Tempora! O Mores!

Alas! to think that we should live to see the Day, when the Flowers of our two Universities shall be neglected for Creatures like these.

I was thunderstruck.—Celestial Powers (thought I to myself) what a Plague have you done at my Wife; for really I thought the Woman was inspired.—Well, said I, you have cured me of Sermon making—however, all Flesh is Grass, and what has happened in the Family of my beloved Friend, will ere long, happen in my own,—you and I only wed to the Tune of till Death us doth part; and whenever the Fiddle-String breaks, the Dance is instantly over. I wish we may finish it with a good Grace, and go off with Applause; and whenever this Discourse of our's shall appear to the Eye of the Public; may every Reader pick out of it whatever shall appear for his Profit, and may the Rest be forgotten as we shall.

Your loving Friend Poor Robin.

A Chro-

A Chronological Account of remarkable Occurrences.

SINCE			Years.
	THE Creation of the World	-	5888
	The general Deluge, or <i>Noah's Flood</i>	-	4135
	The Birth of <i>Abram</i>	-	3783
	The Foundation of <i>Solomon's Temple</i>	-	2799
	The Babylonish Captivity	-	2491
	The Birth of our blessed Lord and Saviour <i>Jesus Christ</i>	-	1783
	His Passion, glorious Resurrection	-	1751
	The beginning of the Ten Persecutions by <i>Nero</i>	-	1712
	The Tower of <i>LONDON</i> built	-	1215
	<i>Cambridge</i> made an University	-	1139
	<i>Oxford</i> made an University	-	913
	<i>William Duke of Normandy</i> conquered <i>England</i>	-	718
	The Invention of Guns	-	406
	The Art of Printing first invented at <i>Harlem</i>	-	354
	A great Plague in <i>London</i> , whereof died 30578	-	182
	The horrid Gunpowder Treason	-	179
	The Holy Bible new translated	-	177
	Plague in <i>London</i> , of which, and other Diseases died 54266	-	159
	<i>New England</i> planted	-	154
	King <i>Charles I.</i> beheaded	-	136
	King <i>Charles II.</i> restored	-	124
	Another Plague in <i>London</i> , whereof, &c. died near 100000	-	119
	13200 Houses burnt in <i>London</i>	-	118
	A great Comet appeared in <i>December</i> and <i>January</i>	-	104
	The great 13 Weeks Frost	-	100
	King <i>William III.</i> and Queen <i>Mary</i> crowned, <i>April 11</i>	-	95
	<i>England</i> and <i>Scotland</i> united	-	77
	<i>St. Paul's</i> in <i>London</i> finished	-	76
	Queen <i>Anne</i> died <i>August 1</i> ; and King <i>George I.</i> began	-	70
	<i>Preston</i> Rebellion	-	69
	King <i>George I.</i> died <i>June 11</i> ; and King <i>George II.</i> procl. 16	-	57
	A splendid Comet, seen from <i>Dec. 23</i> to <i>Feb. 20</i>	-	41
	A Rebellion, when the Rebels came so far as <i>Derby</i>	-	39
	The Date and Calendar altered	-	38
	The Militia Act passed	-	26
	King <i>George II.</i> died <i>Oct. 25</i> ; and King <i>George III.</i> began	-	24
	King <i>George III.</i> and Queen <i>Charlotte</i> crowned <i>Sept. 22</i>	-	24
	Peace with <i>France</i> and <i>Spain</i>	-	20
	The <i>Swedes</i> forced to resign their Liberties to the King	-	21
	War commenced against <i>North America</i>	-	9
	The <i>Americans</i> declare themselves Independent States	-	8
	The <i>French</i> signed the first Treaty with the <i>American States</i>	-	10
	War against <i>France</i> commenced	-	6
	War was begun against <i>Spain</i>	-	5
	War against <i>Holland</i> commenced	-	4

Names of Kings	Born A.D.	When they began to reign	Reigned Y. M.	Since their Reigns ended	Where buried
William I.	1027	1066, Octob.	14 20	11 697, Septem.	5 Caen Nor.
William II.	1057	1087, Sept.	9 12	11 684, August	2 Winchester.
Henry I.	1068	1100, Aug.	2 35	4 649, Decemb.	1 Reading
Stephen	1105	1135, Dec.	1 18	11 630, Octob.	25 Faversham

Saxon Line restored.

Henry II.	1133	1154, Octob.	25 34	8 595, July	6 Fountever
Richard I.	1156	1189, July	6 9	9 585, April	6 Fountever
John	1165	1199, April	6 17	6 568, October	19 Worcester
Henry III.	1207	1216, Octob.	19 56	1 512, Novem.	16 Westmin.
Edward I.	1239	1272, Nov.	16 34	8 477, July	7 Westmin.
Edward II.	1284	1307, July	7 19	7 457, January	25 Gloucest.
Edward III.	1312	1327, January	25 50	5 407, June	21 Westmin.
Richard II.	1366	1377, June	21 22	3 385, Septem.	29 Westmin.

Lancaster Line.

Henry IV.	1367	1399, Sept.	29 13	6 371, March	20 Canterb.
Henry V.	1389	1413, March	20 9	5 362, August	31 Westm.
Henry VI.	1421	1422, August	31 38	6 323, March	4 Windsor

York Line.

Edward IV.	1442	1461, March	4 22	1 301, April	9 Windsor
Edward V.	1471	1483, April	9 0	2 301, June	22 Unkno.
Richard III.	1443	1483, June	22 2	2 209, August	23 Leicester

Families united.

Henry VII.	1456	1485, August	22 23	8 275, April	22 Westm.
Hen. VIII.	1492	1509, April	22 37	9 237, January	28 Windsor
Edward VI.	1537	1547, January	28 6	5 231, July	6 Westm.
Q. Mary	1516	1553, July	6 5	4 226, Novem.	17 Westm.
Q. Elisab.	1533	1558, Nov.	17 44	4 181, March	24 Westm.

Crowns united.

James I.	1566	1603, March	24 22	0 159, March	27 Westm.
Charles I.	1600	1625, March	27 23	10 135, January	30 Windsor
Charles II.	1630	1649, January	30 36	0 99, February	6 Westm.
James II.	1633	1685, Feb.	6 4	0 95, February	13 S. Germ
Will. III.	1650	1689, Feb.	13 13	1 82, March	8 Westm.
Q. Anne	1665	1702, March	8 12	5 70, August	1 Westm.
George I.	1660	1714, August	1 12	10 57, June	21 Hanover
George II.	1683	1727, June	11 33	4 24, Octob.	25 Westm.
George III.	1738	1760, Oct.	25	Crowned Sept. 22, 1761.	

Although the holy writ declares
Kings are by God appointed ;
There's scarce a rascal lives but dares
Affront the Lord's anointed.

JANUARY has xxxi Days P. Rob. 1784. M | ☉ Decl.
D | South

Full Moon 7	} Day at	1 Hours, 52 M. P. M.	1 23°	1m
Last Quarter 15		4 Hours, 34 M. P. M.	6 22	31
New Moon 22		9 Hours 48 M. Morn	11 21	49
First Quarter 29		5 Hours 49 M. Morn	16 20	57
N O W	☉ enters 26 Day 7 Ho. 36 Min. Morn.	21 19	54	
S S D		26 18	43	

1	21	T	Circumcision.	<i>An exact Inv. of P.R's. Wardrobe.</i>
2	22	F		Imprimis then an old slouch'd Hat,
3	23	S		If thin of Fur, yet thick with Fat;
4	24	D	2 Sun. aft. Christ	A Wig, with what you please to hurt
5	25	M	Old Christ. day	on't
6	26	T	Epiphany.	I'm sure can never hurt a Curl on't.
7	27	W		A Neck-cloth half a Yard; no longer;
8	28	T	Lucian.	And he who'd hang'd has much a
9	29	F		stronger:
10	30	S		My Coat I own's not very clever;
11	31	D	1 S. aft. Epiph.	I'll call it half a Coat, however. [one:
12	Ja	M	Plow Monday	My Waistcoat, then you'll say's a brave
13	2	T	Cam. T. beg. Hil.	<i>Old new Years Day.</i>
14	3	W	Oxf. Term. beg.	Why that I'll tell you when I have one.
15	4	T		Next comes my Shirt; and here 'tis true
16	5	F		The Neck and Wristbands stand in
17	6	S		View,
18	7	D	2 S. aft. Epiph.	A goodly Sight; only the latter's
19	8	M	Q. C. b. day kept	A little given to Rags and Tatters:
20	9	T	Fabian	<i>Prisca.</i>
21	10	W	Agnes	And next, to show how little's scanting
22	11	T	Vincent	There's only yet the Body wanting.
23	12	F	Term begins	To make Things up, next come my
24	13	S	[Cov. St. Paul]	Breeches,
25	14	D	3 S. aft. Epiph	And they're not overdone with Stitches.
26	15	M		Howe'er I but two Holes can find;
27	16	T	Pr. A Fred. born	That's one before and one behind.
28	17	W		Hose I've two Pair though not com-
29	18	T		pleat, [Feet.
30	19	F	K. CHA. I. Mart	'Cause one wants Legs; the other
31	20	S		A Pair of Shoes may here be reckon'd,
				Made in the Reign of George the
				Second.
				No trusty Dog need I as Guardrobe;
				Since here's the Whole of Robins
				Wardrobe.

N^o. 122. Observations in JANUARY.

M	Clock
D	Def. Sun

Now my good Friends, God grant no Lack

Of Puddings white, and Puddings black :

And you with whom they don't agree

Pray, pack them up, and send them me,

M.	D.	D.
11	2	11
12	3	12

1	4	0
6	6	17
11	8	22
16	10	13
21	11	46
26	13	1

1	2m.	35	55	10	Jupiters E-
2	3	20	4	56	clipses are
3	4	38	4	56	not visible
4	5	51	3	57	Jupiter being
5	6	57	2	58	so near the
6	7	51	1	59	Sun.
7	Drises	VII.	IV.	16	
8	4 A	14	0	0	17 Midas.
9	6	0	59	1	18 H. Pew.
10	7	11	58	2	19 Nicholas
11	8	22	57	3	20 Ragged
12	9	23	56	4	21 Ralph.
13	10	46	54	6	22
14	morn	53	7	23	Your Health
15	0	0	52	8	24 to hold, and
16	1	18	51	9	25 drive out
17	2	39	50	10	26 Cold:
18	4	8	48	12	27 Stir the Buck
19	5	33	47	13	28 et quick a-
20	6	44	46	14	29 bout; Freely
21	7	38	44	16	30 suck it till its
22	Drises	43	17	2	out.
23	5 A.	4	41	19	3
24	7	26	40	20	4 Mat. Mug
25	8	52	38	22	5 Jane Jog
26	10	12	37	23	6 Ralph
27	11	35	35	25	7 Rusty.
28	morn	34	26	8	
29	0	58	32	28	9
30	2	17	31	29	10 Fanatic's
31	3	32	29	31	11 Feast.

When a Man sets out into the Literary World, alas what signify all the private Anecdotes you can procure about him.—As far as it concerns the Public, his own Works are his best Credentials if good; if otherwise, he needs no further Accusers.

And yet, such is the idle Curiosity of a busy World, that it is not sufficient that these bespeak the Man; but even his private Character like a Horse upon Sale must be dragged out to public View.

In Conformity to the reigning Mode, the Author of the Performance here presents the Public with the following Picture of himself, as he finds it delineated in an Epistle from Philander to Eugenius, wherein he writes thus:

Your old Acquaintance, Sir Robert, says he, has I fear more Whim than Virtue in him, if not the Wildness of his Head often eclipses the Goodness of his Heart. He neither thinks nor speaks like other Men. A merry Tale, with a Soliloquy of his at the End of it, dies away in a Sigh; while a serious one concluded with his Observations flashes off in a Fit of Laughter.—In short, he is a deep Moralist in Nonsense; and a Merry Andrew in Divinity.

FEBRUARY hath XXIX Days

M | Dec.
D | South.

Full Moon 6	} Day at {	9 Hours, 19 M. Morn.	17	6
Last Quarter 14		5 Hours, 19 M. Morn.	15	37
New Moon 20		8 Hours, 25 M. Aft.	14	1
First Quarter 27		10 Hours, 44 M. Aft.	12	20

☉ enters ♋ 18 Day 10 H. 24 m. Aft.

1	17	6
6	15	37
11	14	1
16	12	20
21	10	33
26	8	40

1	21	D	4 S. aft. Epiph.
2	22	M	Purif. B. V. M.
3	23	T	Blaze
4	24	W	
5	25	T	Agatha
6	26	F	
7	27	S	
8	28	D	Septuagesima.
9	9	M	
10	30	T	
11	31	W	
12	Fe	T	Hil. Term ends
13	2	F	O. Candle. Day
14	3	S	Valentine
15	4	D	Sexagesima
16	5	M	
17	6	T	
18	7	W	Mary Q. of Scots
19	8	T	[beheaded]
20	9	F	
21	10	S	
22	11	D	Quinquagesima
23	12	M	
24	13	T	St. Matthias
25	14	W	Ash Wednesday
26	15	T	
27	16	F	
28	17	S	
29	18	D	1 Sun. in Lent.

It is this Moment come into my Head, that some of my loving Readers may be ænigmatically inclined.—If so, I here present them with a very easy one of the serious kind.

ENIGMA.

Talk no more of Wealth or Glory
Princes proud; since all must be,
Like the Sons of Fame before ye
Laid in Dust and sunk in me.

Historians o'er the Midnight Taper
Shall in vain your Deeds relate:
In vain the Bard shall waste his Paper,
As is their's, shall be your Fate

Tow'rs or Tombs to 'endure for ever
Build; yet Time will make them fall;
And in Spite of your Endeavour,
I at last shall bury all.

Answer, Oblivion.

Jupiter is a Morning Star, from Feb. 3, to Aug. 25, then an Evening Star.

Ir. Ad. Fred. b. Shrove Tuesday

Venus is a Morning Star, till somewhere between the 7th and 9th of August, and then an Evening one, till — You shall know the rest next Year.

Observations in FEBRUARY.

M Clock
D bef. ☉

Now Molly wakes and finds in Bed
A frosty Morn; scratches her Head,
Then makes her Water; says her Pray'rs,
Garters her Hose, and slips down Stairs.

1	14	3
6	14	31
11	14	39
16	14	29
21	14	1
26	13	16

1	4m. 41	27	33	12
2	5	39	26	34
3	6	22	24	36
4	6	53	22	38
5	7	16	20	40
6	D ris.	19	41	17
7	6 A	7	17	43
8	7	18	15	45
9	8	29	13	47
10	9	44	11	49
11	11	09	51	22
12	morn	8	52	23
13	0	20	6	54
14	1	45	4	56
15	3	20	2	58
16	4	23	vii. v.	27
17	5	23	58	2
18	6	5	56	4
19	6	35	55	5
20	D sets	53	7	N
21	6 A	16	51	9
22	7	42	49	11
23	9	10	47	13
24	10	29	45	15
25	11	57	43	17
26	morn.	41	19	7
27	1	18	39	21
28	2	31	37	23
29	3	34	35	25

Jupiters Sat-
ellites not
visible till
March.

Tim Guz-
zle.
Tom
Tempest

Griffin was
a drunken
Sot,
And limping
Ralph his
Brother.
A wooden
Leg the one
had got, A
wooden Head
the other.

Jane
Otter.
Giles.

Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.

Happy would it be for the
World, would every one content
himself with his own Concerns;
and much Folly it is to neglect
the private Affairs of a Family
for the public ones of the Nation;
little considering into what small
Limits our narrow Sphere is con-
tracted, and that a Barber may be
an old Dog at a Perriwig, and
yet a mere Puppy in Politics.

I was led into the above Re-
flections by the Minutes of a
Quid Nunc Society who met three
Times a Week about two Years
ago, to see how matters went on
above, and settle Affairs to their
own Liking. At one of their De-
bates, the following Order of the
Night written by a Leather A-
pron'd Secretary from the Dic-
tates of an Hibernian President
was concluded upon *nem. con.*

Let Bright Town make Peas
with a merry Key, before the
Sun shall next pass the Aqua Noxi-
ous Line. Which if we do; we
may defy France and Spain and
the Seven united Provinces. But
if not: a merry Key, will soon be
fruitful in Famines, and Bright
Town unanimous in Dissentions.

Signed by un any mouse con-
sistent of the whole Soufe 1 ety.

MARCH hath xxxi Days.

M	Dec
D	South

Full Moon the 7	} Day at	{	3 Hours 35 M. Morn.
Last Quarter the 14			2 Hours 40 M. Aft.
New Moon the 21			7 Hours 13 M. Morn.
First Quarter the 28			5 Hours 23 M. Aft.

☉ enters 19 Day 10 Ho. 46'. Aft.

1	7	12
6	5	17
11	3	20
16	1	21
21	North	
26	2	34

1	19	M	David
2	20	T	Cbad
3	21	W	Ember Week
4	22	T	
5	23	F	
6	24	S	
7	25	C	2 Sun. in Lent.
8	26	M	E. of Est. b. 16+1
9	27	T	
10	28	W	
11	29	T	
12		F	Gregory.
13	2	S	
14	3	C	3 Sun. in Lent.
15	4	M	
16	5	T	
17	6	W	St. Patrick
18	7	T	Ed. K. West Sax.
19	8	F	
20	9	S	Equ. D. and N.
21	10	C	Midlent Sunday
22	11	M	
23	12	T	
24	13	W	
25	14	T	Lady Day
26	15	F	
27	16	S	
28	17	C	5 Sun. in Lent
29	18	M	
30	19	T	
31	20	W	

THE RESOLVE.

Riches are Baubles of an Hour;
 And Beauty but a fading Flow'r.
 Old Grief is dead and left his Heir,
 Full Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year.
 From Debts and Mortgages quit free.
 Well; pray, now, what's that all to me
Perpetua.

To me, who have no other Ends
 Than just to please myself and Friends,
 It matters not a Pinch of Snuff:
 Lo I'm alive and that's enough.
 And yet pale Death some few Days
 hence,

May call me from the present Tense,
 To some remote and distant Shore,
 Known but to them who're gone be-
 fore. [dug up

And (shame to tell) good Earth be
 To wrap my stinking Carcass snug up.
 What then?—why what the Gods de-
 cree,

The Gods will do in Spite of me.
 So I'll put on no solemn Face,

Benedict.

But take my Turn with manly Grace.
 'Till then with what kind Heav'n
 shall give

Let me be happy while I live;
 And thankfully the same enjoy, [ploy.
 While mirth and Love my Hours em-
 So when shall come the fatal Day,
 My fleeting Soul shall parting say
 I owe you nought; so farewell

CLAY

Observations in MARCH.

M	Clock
D	Def. ☉

Now March comes on, good Folks prepare
Your Vessels all, and brew your Beer;
But, pray, avoid the horrid Fault
Of putting in too little Malt.

1	12	31
6	11	22
11	10	3
16	8	37
21	7	7
26	5	34

1	4m	24	33	27	11	The Welch-	In every scene of Life, some Acid
2	4	56	31	29	12	man now be	is thrown into the Cup of Pleasure;
3	5	25	29	31	13	gins to boast,	some bitter poison every sweet; nor
4	5	43	27	33	14	And ereat St.	is even Devotion without its Dis-
5	5	57	25	35	15	Tavit is hur	tractions.—As a Proof of the above
6	6	9	23	37	16	Toaft.	take the following Story:
7	D	ril.	21	39	17	—————	It was on a Saturday Night in
8	7A.	37	19	41	18	Hobson.	March 1780, Deborah, who was a
9	8	5	17	43	19	Jumbo.	very honest woman, one who lived
10	10	14	15	45	20	Moll	as Nature directs, and Conscience
11	11	34	13	47	21	Smack.	uninfluenced by Habit dictates,
12	morn.	11	49	22	22	Dull Dick	and kept a little Pot-house in a small
13	0	59	9	51	23	—————	Village, had Company come in,
14	2	17	7	53	24	—————	who drunk deep, fell out, and de-
15	3	21	5	55	25	'Tis Lent,	molished all her Measures over one
16	4	7	3	57	26	says Ralph	another's Heads. On Sunday, De-
17	4	41	1	59	27	with empty	borah, with her old Quarto Bible
18	5	3	v.	v1	28	Mug,	and Prayer-book under her Arm,
19	5	20	57	3	29	Now is the	went to Church and joined the
20	5	40	55	5	30	Time for	Prayers very devoutly; but when
21	D	fess	53	7	2	Sorrow;	Sermon begun, Drowiness closed
22	8A.	10	51	9	3	Stay, stay,	her Eyes. The Holy Man, exclaim-
23	9	36	49	11	4	says Ned	ing against the Profligacy of the
24	11	1	47	13	5	with well	present Age, used this Expression—
25	morn.	46	14	6	6	fill'd Jug,	For the Sins of the People the Earth
26	0	20	44	16	7	Put Lent off	mourneth, and Plagues consume a
27	1	28	42	18	8	till To-mor-	guilty World.—Deborah, who at
28	2	25	40	20	9	row.	this Time was taking a small Nap,
29	3	6	38	22	10	—————	and dreaming over her last Night's
30	3	34	36	24	11	Blind Befs	Disasters just as the above Sentence
31	3	57	34	26	12	Black Bob	was repeating, bounce goes the
							Quarto upon the Ground; when
							starting with Surprize—Why and a
							Plague consume you all, said Debo-
							rah, there is another Quait Mug
							brcke; and which of all you
							Scoundrels will pay for it.

APRIL hath xxx Days.

M D Dec
North.

Full Moon	5	} Day at {	7 Hours	7 Min.	Aft.
Last Quarter	12		9	32	Aft.
New Moon	19		6	15	Aft.
First Quarter	27		0	27	Aft.

☉ enters 8 19 Day, 11 H. 30 M. Morn.

1	4	54
6	6	48
11	8	39
16	10	27
21	12	10
26	13	48

1	21	T			
2	22	F	Cam. T. ends.	POOR ROBIN'S STUDY. Richard. St. Ambrose.	
3	23	S	Oxf. T. ends.		
4	24	C	Palm Sunday		
5	25	M		A Student's Letter to his Brother, A Spur and almost half another; John Bunyan's Life, that great Divine, And near three Yards of Holland Twine Three Drolls in Manuscript for Punch, More's Almanack, and Mother Bunch; A Bible scarcely worth your finding, For all is gone except the Binding; A Cribbage-board, Poems of Wards, A P-fspot, and a Pack of Cards; The Works of Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, Which some can't read, but may be you can; [Prayer, There's my Wife's Book of Common And that's but little worse for Wear; A Quarto, once a Book of Note, By Obadiah Sedgwick wrote, Which whosoever read with sound Heads, [Round Heads; Will bless the Church and curse the The Fairy Tales, a Score of Bobbins, The seven wise Masters, five Poor Robins	
6	26	T			
7	27	W			
8	28	T			
9	29	F	Good Friday		
10	30	S			
11	31	C	Easter Day		
12	ap	M	Easter Monday.		
13	2	T	Easter Tuesday		
14	3	W			
15	4	T			
16	5	F			
17	6	S			
18	7	C	Low Sunday,		
19	8	M	Alphege.		
20	9	T			
21	10	W	O. & Cam. T. be.		
22	11	T			
23	12	F	St. George.		
24	13	S			
25	14	C	2 Sun. aft. Easter		
26	15	M		St. Mark. Prs. Mary bom. The Siege of Troy, and Life of Priam, A broken Jug as old as I am; A Bunch of Keys with ne'er a Lock, And that compleats Poor Robin's Stock.	
27	16	T			
28	17	W	Term begins.		
29	18	T			
30	19	F			

Observations in APRIL

M	Clock
D	bef. ☉

March:—march along. See April bring
Fruitful Show'rs, and welcome Spring:
Laughing Meads, with Flowers gay;
Blustering March, go march away.

1	3'	43"
6	2	13
11	0	49
16		After
21	1	33
26	2	28

1	4	M	11	32	28	13	All. Fools
2	4		24	30	30	14	Day
3	4		41	28	32	15	
4	4		52	26	34	16	
5		Rise	24	36		17	And much
6	8	A.	5	22	38	18	I fear it will
7	9		30	20	40	19	appear that
8	10		53	18	42	20	All Fool's
9		morn	16	44		21	Day lasts all
10	0		14	14	46	22	the Year.
11	1		24	12	48	23	
12	2		15	10	50	24	Xantippe
13	2		52	8	52	25	Tom
14	3		15	6	54	26	Trout
15	3		35	5	55	27	Lanka-
16	3		51	3	57	28	down
17	4		7			29	Devil of
18	4		20	59	1	30	Mascon.
19		D sets	57	3		N	
20	8	at	39	55	5	2	Let those
21	10		1	53	7	3	that please
22	11		16	51	9	4	call Names
23		morn	50	10		5	and quarrel,
24	0		17	48	12	6	There's
25	1		6	46	14	7	nought like
26	1		41	44	16	8	Peace and a
27	2		4	42	18	9	full Barrel.
28	2		23	41	19	10	
29	2		37	39	21	11	Old Red.
30	2		50	37	23	12	True Blue

That my Diary may not be destitute of Prognostications; for the Amusement of those who are studious in Astrology, I dedicate this Page and the next to that Purpose.

Sol, refulgent God of Day, ere he quits the celestial Aries, generally stops to make Water; and this warm refreshing Stream separating into Drops as it falls through the circumambient Atmosphere, forms what the Vulgar call April Showers, refreshing the Earth, and productive of future Plenty.

Venus squinting at him (during the Operation) through a bright Cloud with little lucid Cavities in it, which first gave the Idea of Ladies Fans pricked full of Pinholes, simpers secret Satisfaction; and at the same Time shedding her all-commanding Influence upon her fair Votaries here below, creates soft Sympathetic Feelings, warm Wishes, and strong Desires in the tender Heart, till Procreation in Point of Practice prevails over every other Article of a Woman's Creed.

Thus you have the whole Affair Astrologically, Mythologically, and Philosophically accounted for.

MAY hath xxxi Days.

M	Decl.
D	North.

Full Moon the 5	} Day at {	6	H. 17	M. Morn.
Last Quarter the 12		3	3	Morn.
New Moon the 19		5	48	Morn.
First Quarter the 27		6	32	Morn.

☉ enters II 23d Day 9 Ho. 46 M. Morn.

15	21
16	47
18	7
19	18
20	22
21	17

1	20	S	St. Phil. & Jac.	PHOEBE's SOLILOQUY. I wish I was as I was once, I think I'm turning mad, or Dance; I feel myse! I don't know how, And have done ever since the Sow I took to the Brawn. Methinks I see— But what's the Sow and Brawn to me; And yet I feel I don't know how, I think o'th' Brawn, and smile at th' Sow. Next, my Dame took it in her Skull To send poor me with th' Cow to Bull: The Bull—Butch! I hate such Stuff— The Cow's with Calf and that's enough.
2	21	C	3d Su. aft. East.	
3	22	M	Inu. of the Cross.	
4	23	T		
5	24	W		
6	25	T	St. John, A.P.L.	
7	26	F		
8	27	S		
9	28	C	4 Sun. aft. Ea.	
10	29	M		
11	30	T		And now the Lads and Lasses say The Bells do welcome in the May; And they this Night in Pair advance, And I must go and join the Dance. <i>Dunstan.</i> Goodness! I'm out of Spirits quire; Pray, Roger, don't you come to Night. Well, lest Affairs should be miscarried, I'm now resolv'd I will be married: 'Tis the best Way; we may depend on't Wedlock's the Thing—so there's an End on't. <i>Venerable Beae.</i> Nor will I—(But I'll say no more) Or live a Maid, or die a Whore.
12	M	W		
13	2	T		
14	3	F		
15	4	S		
16	5	C	Rogation Sand.	
17	6	M		
18	7	T		
19	8	W	Q. Charlotte b.	
20	9	T	Holy Thursday	
21	10	F	All Day	
22	11	S	Prs. Eliz. born	
23	12	C	6 Sun. aft. Ea.	
24	13	M	Term ends till	
25	14	T	24th July	
26	15	W	Augustine	
27	16	T	Oxf. Term ends.	
28	17	F		
29	18	S	K. Cha. II. rest.	
30	19	C	Whitsunday	
31	20	M	Whitmonday	

Observations in May.

M	Clock	
D	aft.	©
1	3	12
6	3	42
11	3	57
16	3	58
21	3	44
26	3	18

Blouzabella Queen of May;
Blouzabella blithe and gay.
Sweet and charming Blouzabella
Sure on Earth has not her fellow.

1	3	m	2	35	25	13
2	3		13	34	26	14
3	3		22	32	28	15
4	3		33	30	30	16
5	D	rites		28	32	17
6	10	a	3	27	33	18
7	11		17	25	35	19
8	morn			23	37	20
9	0		5	22	38	21
10	0		58	20	40	22
11	1		24	19	41	23
12	1		43	17	43	24
13	2		0	16	44	25
14	2		14	14	46	26
15	2		25	13	47	27
16	2		36	11	49	28
17	2		50	10	50	29
18	3		9	8	52	30
19	D	fets.		7	53	N
20	10	a	7	6	54	2
21	11		1	4	56	3
22	11		38	3	57	4
23	morn			2	58	5
24	0		6	III	VIII	6
25	0		26	59	1	7
26	0		42	58	2	8
27	0		57	57	3	9
28	1		6	56	4	10
29	1		15	55	5	11
30	1		25	54	6	12
31	1		38	53	7	13

Peter Peg
Matt Mug
Sly Sam.

Youths the
Season made
for Joy
Now come
forth my jol-
ly Boy.
Sprightly
Lasses trim
and gay,
come and
hail the
blooming
May.

Ralph
Rattle.
Francis
Freak.
Tantara-
bobus.

Saturn scouts; portending much
grumbling among old people at
the younger sort: especially old
maids and fussy bachelors when
they see blithe lads and buxom
lasses snatching at an opportunity
which they have unhappily mis-
sed.

Mercury is busy among the
pickpockets and house-breakers,
providing a decent execution a-
gainst the next Assize; and now
and then inspecting the Bakers,
to see that they don't make their
bread too heavy.

Jupiter is very busy weighing
the Balance of Power among Na-
tions, while Luna, who is for
ever changing, stirs up the Brain
of the mad Multitude to I know
not what Revolutions; and which
may end in I know not what
Consequences.

Mars (ever ready for a Quarrel)
backs her, or in other Words is in
Conjunction with her: so possibly
some Nations may go to Logger-
heads, till Pallas in the shape of
Poverty makes them Friends.

Now whether each of the a-
bove be in his own House, or
that of any other God, it matters
not a Halfpenny; for as the Dei-
ties have but twelve houses among
seven of them, and those close
adjacent to each other, they can
never be far from Home.

JUNE hath xxx Days.

M	⊙ Dec.
D	North.

Full moon	3	} Day at {	4 hours 34 min. Aft.	1	22	11	
Last Quarter	10		8	28 min. Morn.	6	22	45
New moon	17		6	26 min. Aft.	11	23	10
First Quarter	25		10	33 min. Aft.	16	23	24
☉ enters ☿ 20 day 8h 49 min. morn.				21	23	28	
				26	23	21	

1	21	Tu	Whit. Tuesday	A SUMMER'S HOLIDAY.
2	22	W	Ember Week	Sol now darts his gladsome ray
3	23	Th		O'er the beauteous landscape gay.
4	24	F	King G. III. born	See the villagers advance,
5	25	S	Pr. Ern. Aug. born	Hark the pipe to sprightly dance
6	26	C	Trinity Sunday	Boniface.
7	27	M		Calls the rural nymphs and swains;
8	28	Tu		See them tripping o'er the plains,
9	29	W	Ox. Term begins	Bringing with them all their wealth,
10	30	Th	rs. Amelia born	Love, content and rosy healh.
11	31	F	S. Barnab. Trin. T.	Corpus Christi.
12	June	S	[begins	Here along the chequer'd shade,
13	2	C	1 Sun. aft. Trin.	See each lad and lovely maid.
14	3	M		O'er the green sod lightly move,
15	4	Tu		Mark the winged god of love
16	5	W		Hov'ring round with gilded dart,
17	6	Th	St. Alban	Gently strikes the lover's heart;
18	7	F		Then breathes to fan the glowing
19	8	S		[fire,
20	9	C	2 Sun. aft. Trin.	The blast of hope and fond desire.
21	10	M	Longest Day	Hence the tender heaving sighs;
22	11	Tu		Side-long look, and wishful eyes,
23	12	W		Tra. Edw. K. W. S.
24	13	Th	St. John Baptist	That in a moment more will speak
25	14	F		Than tongue can utter in a week:
26	15	S		Innocence still may 'st thou reign
27	16	C	3 Sun. aft. Trin.	Over this delightful plain,
28	17	M		While wrinkled age with placid
29	18	Tu	St. Peter	[smile
30	19	W	Term ends	Does the tedious hours beguile;
				Acting o'er their former joys
				In their lovely girls and boys.

Observations in JUNE.

M	Clock
D	aft. Sun.
I	2 31
6	I 41
11	0 43
16	bef
21	I 24
26	2 28

Dorcas let my Head now rest
 Sweetly on thy panting Breast ;
 Breast that eases Lover's Pains,
 Soft as Bag of new brew'd Grains.

1	1 m 52	52	8 14	
2	2 14	51	9 15	
3	Drises.	50	10 16	Friar
4	10 a 3	49	11 17	Tuck.
5	10 49	49	11 18	Sal Argil.
6	11 22	48	12 19	
7	11 46	47	12 20	It chances
8	morn	47	13 21	oft a Girl's
9	0 4	46	14 22	Delusion
10	0 18	46	14 23	ends in a
11	0 29	45	15 24	Family's
12	0 41	45	15 25	Confusion.
13	0 55	44	16 26	Bobbin
14	1 11	44	16 27	Joan.
15	1 31	44	16 28	Jack
16	2 2	43	17 29	Short.
17	Drises.	43	17 30	Hannah
18	9 a 34	43	17 1	Grog.
19	10 4	43	17 2	
20	10 26	43	17 3	He who for
21	10 44	43	17 4	Whyleaves
22	10 57	43	17 5	Ale i'th'
23	11 8	43	17 6	Lurch ;
24	11 19	43	17 7	And robs a
25	11 28	43	17 8	Swine,
26	11 38	44	16 9	would rob a
27	11 52	44	16 10	Church.
28	morn	44	16 11	
29	0 9	45	15 12	Bob Bafe.
30	0 36	45	15 13	

MATRIMONY.

It has been often observed, that Wedlock is either a Heaven or a Hell upon Earth, according as Parties agree, or disagree. For my Part I take it to have a Spice of both. However to guard against the dire Effects of Discord take the following Tale.

A married Couple after several Disputes about Prerogative, agreed one Day as they sat by the Fire, that whoever ask'd the first Question, the other in future should be Master :—The Man's Name was Glump, his Wife's Name was Hump. —The Pot was on the Fire. —Hump, Hump, said he. Glump, Glump, said she; and so they let the Pot boil over. —Anon, a strange Dog seiz'd the Pig. —Glump, Glump, said she. Hump, Hump, replied he. —And so the Pig was worried. —Soon after a Blood of a Rake came into the House, and clasp'ing the Wife round the Waist, A Woman I want, said he, and a Woman I will have. Not here tho' sa's her Husband ;—shall he Hump ? But you spoke first Glump, said she. —Who's Master now.

JULY hath xxxi days.				M D	☉ Decl North.
Full Moon the	3	} Day at {	○ Hours 6 min. morn.	1	23 4
Last quarter the	9		3	6	22 38
New Moon the	17		8	11	22 1
First quarter the	25		0	16	21 15
			2 min. aft.	21	20 20
☉ enters ♏			22 day 7 h. 40 m. morn.	26	19 16

1	20	1 ^h			The PROMISE.
2	21	F	Visit. of B. V. M.		Let some sing of high church,
3	22	S	Dog Days begin		And others of low church,
4	23	C	4 Sun. aft. Trin.		Transf. of St. Mar.
5	24	M			My subject on neither shall be;
6	25	Tu	Camb. Commence		No, faith I know better,
7	26	W			For I'll sing of no church,
8	27	Th			As no church has yet sung of me.
9	28	F	Cam. Te. ends.		Of women alack
10	29	S	Oxford Aft.		I sing not the clack,
11	30	C	5 Sun. aft. Trin.		In your ear that's incessantly ringing;
12	July	M			Nor sing I of drinking.
13	2	Tu			Because to my thinking,
14	3	W			I'd rather be drinking than singing.
15	4	Th	Swithen		Felks in and folks out,
16	5	F			I know nothing about,
17	6	S	Oxford Term ends		So I'll tell you my story in brief;
18	7	C	6 Sun. aft. Trin.		Yes, and brief it must be,
19	8	M			For now do you see
20	9	Tu	Margaret.		I'm nearly the bottom o' th' leaf.
21	10	W			So I think it scarce fair
22	11	Th	Mary Magdalen		This tale of mine here
23	12	F			To begin when we're just upon part-
24	13	S			But if I'm alive, [ing]
25	14	C	7 Sun. aft. Trin.		In the year eighty-five,
26	15	M	St. Ann. M.B.V.		Why then I'll be ready for starting.
27	16	Tu			St. James.
28	17	W			
29	18	Th			
30	19	F			
31	20	S			

Observations in JULY.

M	Clock
D	be. ☉

Now Nan and Dick, and Sue and Harry
 Poor Robin would advise to marry;
 Then Dick and Harry, Sue and Nan
 May creep as close as e'er they can.

1	3 27
6	4 20
11	5 4
16	5 37
21	5 58
26	6 4

1	1 m 14	46	14 14	
2	2 12	46	14 15	Ned
3	Drifles	47	13 16	Noggin.
4	9 a 15	47	13 17	Peter
5	0 5	48	12 18	Lake.
6	10 19	49	11 19	Jack
7	10 31	50	10 20	Shandy
8	0 44	50	10 21	Tom Trip
9	10 53	51	9 22	
10	11 11	52	8 23	
11	11 30	53	7 24	
12	11 57	54	6 25	Now Mary
13	morn	55	5 26	Laycock
14	0 34	56	4 27	will not
15	1 24	57	3 28	grumble;
16	2 24	58	2 29	upon the
17	Drifles	59	1 30	Haycock to
18	8 a 45	IV	2 31	have a tum
19	9 0	2	58 3	ble.
20	9 12	3	57 4	
21	9 22	4	56 5	Blubber
22	9 30	6	54 6	lip'd, bare
23	9 41	7	53 7	Breast. bore
24	9 52	8	52 8	leg'd Nan.
25	10 9	10	50 9	Bandy leg'd
26	10 31	11	49 10	Barnaby's
27	11 2	13	47 11	her Man.
28	11 49	14	46 12	Her charms
29	morn	16	44 13	are such, he
30	0 57	17	43 14	loves her
31	2 24	19	41 15	much.

Finis coronat Opus.

As I sat one Evening in August
 last, smoking my solitary Pipe
 in my Arbour; and contemplat-
 ing the various Vicissitudes of
 Fortune, the Follies, Disappoint-
 ments, Troubles and uncertainty
 of human Life; together with
 the certainty of Death: I resol-
 ved to fix upon a Subject to con-
 clude my yearly Observations
 with, of such a Nature, that I
 might profit myself in the writ-
 ing thereof, and my kind Cust-
 omers in the reading.

While I was revolving these
 Things in my Mind, up came
 my little Grandson Jacob, with
 his Accidence in his Hand.

Now Jacob, said I, wherea-
 bout are you in your Book?

Here, Grandfire, replied he,
 pointing out to the auxiliary
 Verb, Sum. I read as follows:

Sum.—Es.—Fui.

Well, Jacob, continued I, and
 what is the English to that?

I am—Thou art—I have been.
 That is the English to it, said
 the little bacon-fac'd Cherub.

True, Jacob, replied I; and
 in these three small Words I
 have an ample Subject, if I
 have but Grace and good Sense
 enough to manage it.

August hath xxxi Days.					M D	☉ Dec. North.
Full Moon	1	} Day at	7 Hours	11 Min. Morn.	1	17 50
Last Quarter	7		11	59 Min. Aft.	6	16 29
New Moon	16		0	18 Min. Morn.	11	15 2
First Quarter	23		11	9 Min. Aft.	16	13 29
Full Moon	30		2	51 Min. Aft.	21	11 51
☉ enters 11 th 22 day 2h. 2m. aft.					26	10 8
1	21	C	8 Sun. aft. Trin.	Lammas Day.		
2	22	M		<i>An Essay at</i>		
3	23	Tu		ENGLISH PASTORAL;		
4	24	W		<i>attempted in the Measure of</i>		
5	25	Th		STERNHOLD and HOPKINS.		
6	26	F	Transfiguration	Prs. born.		
7	27	S	Name of Jesus	Now crows hoarse croaking in their		
8	28	C	9 Sun. aft. Trin.	To distant woods did hie; [flight		
9	29	M		The lengthen'd shades proclaim'd the		
10	30	Tu	St. Laurence	And darksome was the sky. [night,		
11	31	W	Prs. Brunsw. born	Dog Days end.		
12	Aug.	Th	Pr. Wales born	Old Lammas Day.		
13	2	F		Save that the shepherd's ev'ning star		
14	3	S		Emits his friendly rays;		
15	4	C	10 Sun. aft. Trin.	Or lighted beacon from afar		
16	5	M	Pr. Fred. born.	Spreads forth his nightly blaze.		
17	6	Tu		And now comes forth the watchful		
18	7	W		In search of ev'ning prey; [cat,		
19	8	Th		And now the leather winged bat		
20	9	F		Flits o'er the plain his way.		
21	10	S	Pr. W. Hen. born	While sound of sweetly purling rill		
22	11	C	11 Sun. aft. Trin.	Unto the list'ning ear,		
23	12	M		Or ruder clack of distant mill		
24	13	Tu	St. Bartholomew	The gentle zephyrs bear.		
25	14	W				
26	15	Th				
27	16	F				
28	17	S	St. Augustine			
29	18	C	12 Sun. aft. Trin.	Dec. J. B.		
30	19	M				
31	20	T				

Observations in August.

M	D	Clock	aft. ☉
---	---	-------	--------

Now joyful Ceres spreads around,
Her yellow mantle o'er the ground:
Your scythes and sickles now porpare,
Ceres now demands your care.

I	5	50
6	5	23
11	4	41
16	3	46
21	2	39
26	1	10

	morn	20	40	10		I filled my second pipe, and sent
2	0	43	22	38	17	Jacob to play. My wife came and
3	1	37	24	36	18	sat beside me. After musing for
4	2	28	25	35	19	some time, I think, my dear, said
5	3	17	27	33	20	I, my faculties, like my estate,
6	4	6	29	31	21	grow every year worse and worse.
7	4	55	30	30	22	True, said she, by way of comfort;
8	5	40	32	28	23	and your estate like your coat, is
9	6	38	34	26	24	confoundedly out at the elbows.
10	7	32	35	25	25	Well, replied I—What can't be
11	8	25	37	23	26	cur'd, must be endur'd:—to a
12	9	17	39	21	27	thinking mind it will appear
13	10	7	40	20	28	that life at the best is like my
14	10	55	42	18	29	parlour floor, full of ups and
15	11	39	44	16	30	downs.—All the ups that I can
16	0 a	21	46	14		remember in it, said she, is the
17	1	1	48	12	2	little time we were in London,
18	1	41	49	11	3	we lived up four pair of stairs.—
19	2	21	51	9	4	I am thinking, said I, looking
20	3	2	53	7	5	more gravely than usual, I am
21	3	46	55	5	6	thinking of the road that leads to
22	4	34	57	3	7	death.—And pray now does it
23	5	26	59	1	8	lie through the shambles, replied
24	6	23				she, because I am thinking what
25	7	24	2	58	10	we must raise to dinner to-mor-
26	8	27	4	56	11	row.—I answered, Take no
27	9	29	6	54	12	thought of to-morrow: a con-
28	10	29	8	52	13	tented mind is a continual feast.
29	11	26	10	50	14	—Yes, said she, with a little
30	morn	12	48	48	15	cabbage and bacon along with it.
31	0	19	14	46	16	—Oh, says I, hunger is the best
						sauce.—True, answer'd she, pro-
						vided you could but find meat to
						it. She now putting her hand
						in her pocket, found she had left
						her snuff-box behind her; so
						quitting the harbour, she left me
						to my silent meditations.

SEPTEMBER hath xxx Days.				M D	☉ Decl. North.
Last Quarter	6	} Day at {	2 Hours 20 min. Aft.	1 6	7 6
New moon	14		45 min. Aft.	11	4
First Quarter	22		23 min. Morn.	16	2
Full moon	28		46 min. Aft.	21	0
☉ enters ♈ 22 day at gh. 20m. Morn.				26	South.
1	21	W	Giles	When Jolt and Damon, artless Went jogging side by side, [swains And sung their loves in simple As to thier cots they hied. (strains,	
2	22	Th			
3	23	F	London burnt 1666		
4	24	S			
5	25	C	13 Sun. aft. Trin.	Alternately, but Damon first Of Lucy sung his strain; And Jolt did next in raptures On Dolly of the plain. [burst,	
6	26	M	Jul. Cæs landed 55		
7	27	Tu	Enurhus		
8	28	W	Nat. of V. Mary		
9	29	T		DAMON. Lucy, the pride of all the plain, Possess'd of every art; With deep distress almost in twain Has rent my tender heart	
10	30	F			
11	31	S			
12	Sep.	C	14 Sun. aft. Trin.		
13	2	M		JOLT. And Dolly does my heart so rend That by these shoes I tread on; I last night bit my finger end, Not knowing what I fed on.	
14	3	Tu	Holy Cross day		
15	4	W	Ember Week		
16	5	Th	Bloo. Bonner died		
17	6	F	Lambert (1569)	DAMON. What'er I do, where'er I walk, She still is all my theme; Of Lucy is my daily talk, Of her my nightly dream.	
18	7	S			
19	8	C	15 Sun. aft. Trin.		
20	9	M			
21	10	Tu	St. Matthew	St. Cyprian.	
22	11	W	K. Geo. III. cro.		
23	12	Th			
24	13	F			
25	14	S		Frs. Ch. Aug. Mar. born.	
26	15	C	16 Sun. aft. Trin.		
27	16	M			
28	17	Tu			
29	18	W	St. Michael		
30	19	Th	St. Jerome		

Observations in SEPTEMBER.

M	Clock
D	alt. Sun.
1	0 28
6	2 6
11	3 48
16	5 33
21	7 17
26	8 59

Richard and Ralph together walking,

About astrology were talking.

Quoth Richard, can you find a rhyme for sextile? [File

Quoth Ralph, and you may too, 'twixt this and th' next

1	7	a	13	16	44	17
2	7		27	18	42	18
3	7		46	19	41	19
4	8		8	21	39	20
5	8		40	23	37	21
6	9		21	25	35	22
7	10		16	27	33	23
8	11		23	29	31	24
9	morn			31	29	25
10	0		34	33	27	26
11	1		45	35	25	27
12	2		59	37	23	28
13	4		7	39	21	29
14	sets.			41	19	30
15	6	a	10	43	17	1
16	6		22	45	15	2
17	6		35	47	13	3
18	6		53	49	11	4
19	7		16	51	9	5
20	7		50	53	7	6
21	8		40	54	6	7
22	9		48	56	4	8
23	11		13	58	2	9
24	morn			VI	VI	10
25	0		44	2	53	11
26	2		20	4	56	12
27	3		49	6	54	13
28	rises.			8	52	14
29	5	a	42	10	50	15
30	5		58	12	48	16

Nimrod

Old Noll

He who has

what I have

not,

May now

enjoy his

pipe and

pot.

Frowly

Matt

Sennacherib

Who was

he?

Pray ask

him, and

don't ask me

Whit-

tington

Tom

Lamb

Dick Day

John Sly

Ralph

Ruffy

Sum, Es, Fui.

Upon my soul (said I to my-
self) it is a most extensive sub-
ject. Let me see how it would
look upon a grave-stone, with a
Death's head over it.



This now reminds me of my
old favourite epitaph,

Remember man now passing by
As thou art now, so once was I,
As I am now, so must thou be,
Prepare therefore to follow me.

Wherever this lover of simpli-
city and truth was, he certainly
stole the idea from my Sum, Es,
Fui.

Rest happy shade, who in thy
pilgrimage through this vale of
sin and sorrow, compiled this
short but pithy lesson for wan-
dering travellers yet to come;
who hast thus kindly left a me-
mento for future ages in words
plain and simple, yet strong and
nervous, on a subject daily seen,
but hourly forgot: while by thy
direction every grinning scalp
thus bespeaks the busy passenger,
"As I am now, so must thou
be."

OCTOBER hath xxxi Days.						M	Decl.
						D	South
Last Quarter	6	} Day at {	4 hours 38 min.	Morn.	1	3 32	
New Moon	14		8	49 min. Morn.	6	5 28	
First Quarter	21		4	27 min. Aft.	11	7 22	
Full Moon	28		10	27 min. Morn.	16	9 13	
☉ enters III 22d day, 6 hours 25 min. Morn.						21	11 2
						26	12 46
1	20	F	Remigius Bishop	JOLT.			
2	21	S		When Dolly passes by with glee,			
3	22	C	17 S. after Trinity	Her looks there's so much good			
4	23	M	Gardiner Bp. Wor-	in,			
5	24	Tu	(better died 1555)	I'd leave my pudding her to see,			
6	25	W	Fark	As well as I love pudding.			
7	26	Th		DAMON.			
8	27	F		In kind compassion to my cry,			
9	28	S	St. Denys	Ye Gods some pity take :			
10	29	C	18 Sun. after Trin.	Since for my dearest Lucy I			
11	30	M	Ox. and C. T. beg.	My daily food forsake.			
12	Oct.	Tu		JOLT.			
13	2	W	Transf. of K. Ed. C.	Alas this head for Dolly sweet,			
14	3	Th		My wit have so forsaken,			
15	4	F		That th' other day when beams I			
16	5	S		Ethelbert			
17	6	C	19 Sun. after Trin.	cat,			
18	7	M	St. Luke	I quite forgot my bacon.			
19	8	Tu		DAMON.			
20	9	W		An angel she, nor more nor less;			
21	10	Th		Lucy was all divine :			
22	11	F		Her eyes were surely made to bless,			
23	12	S		Where e'er they deign'd to shine			
24	13	C	20 Sun. after Trin.	Crispin			
25	14	M	K. Geo. III. Ac.	JOLT.			
26	15	Tu	K. Geo. III. Pr.	When Nature made my Dolly's			
27	16	W		The Graces all bespoke it. (mold)			
28	17	Th	St. Simon and Jude	She just call Doll, and then behold			
29	18	F		The spiteful devil broke it.			
30	19	S					
31	20	C	21 Sun. after Trin.				

Observations in OCTOBER.

M	Clock
D	aft. Sun.

Again concludes the fleeting year,
To-morrow shews a new one here.—

Hold, Bob:—Your'e drunk:—'tis but October,
Why then I'll tell you when I'm sober.

1	10 37
6	12 6
11	13 25
16	14 31
21	15 22
26	15 57

1	6 a	18	14	46	18	
2	6	46	16	44	19	Will.
3	7	24	18	42	20	Newman
4	8	16	20	40	21	T. Tow-
5	9	17	22	38	22	fer
6	10	29	24	36	23	Bob
7	11	43	26	34	24	Blink
8	morn	28		32	25	Vulcan
9	0	59	30	30	26	Old Peg
10	2	9	32	28	27	Lord
11	3	18	34	26	28	Lacy
12	4	27	36	24	29	Grinning
13	5	38	38	22	30	Joe
14	sets	40		20	N	
15	5 a	5	42	18	2	
16	5	2	43	17	3	
17	6		45	15	4	Full soon
18	6	4	47	13	5	shall I
19	7	4	49	11	6	lie down
20	9		51	9	7	and die,
21	10	2	53	7	8	when I
22	11	5	55	5	9	cant drink
23	morn	57		3	10	October,
24	1	25	59	1	11	Ah! Pity
25	2	51	VII	IV	12	'tis that
26	4	18	2	58	13	Poverty
27	5	46	4	56	14	should keep
28	rises	6		54	15	Poor
29	4 a	50	8	52	16	ROBIN
30	5	23	10	50	17	sober
31	6	10	12	48	18	

Let us next proceed to consider the above epitaph. together with my motto, in such a manner, as may conduce to future profit; notwithstanding the frailty of the human heart, or the folly of the author's head.

Sum, Es, Fui.

Now, said I, it would be but-cherly to divide these three words into four parts.

Remember man, now passing by, As thou art now so once was I.

Here now comes in the Es; and the motto and the epitaph both join in this important question, What art thou? Art thou the child of health, the lover of mirth the favourer of frolic? So once was I. Does the glance of love, the flash of fury, or the sweet serene look of complaisance sparkle in thy eye? So once look'd I; so once appear'd these now dim and hollow sockets. Active appear thy limbs, strong seems thy constitution; so once seemed mine. Art thou the child of calamity? Do disappointments thwart thy deepest designs; does affliction mar thy mirth, or losses unexpected spoil thy laughter? Just so was I, till death released my weary soul, and bowed my head in dust. Thus speaks that faithful monitor,—a dead man's skull.

NOVEMBER hath xxx Days.				M D	☉ Decl. South.
Last Quarter	5	} Day at	0 hours 18 min. Morn.	I	14 44
New Moon	12		11 42 min. Aft.	6	16 17
First Quarter	20		0 6 min. Morn.	11	17 42
Full Moon	26		11 20 Aft.	16	19 0
☉ enters ♏ 21st day 2 hours 36 min. Aftern.				21	20 9
				26	21 9
1	21	M	All Saints		
2	22	Tu	Prince Edward born	All Souls	
3	23	W	Prs. Sophia born	DAMON.	
4	24	Th		Oh when will life's sad scene be o'er,	
5	25	F	Powder Plot	Leonard	
6	26	S	Term begins	Duke of Cumb. born	
7	27	C	22 Sun. after Trin.	And this heart cease its motion!	
8	28	M	Prs. Au. Soph. bo.	JOLT.	
9	29	Tu	Lord Mayor's Day	Go drink your mug, and think no more,	
10	30	W		For I could drink an ocean.	
11	31	Th	St. Martin		
12	Nov.	F		DAMON.	
13	2	S	Britius	Alas! since all my joys are fled,	
14	3	C	23 Sun. after Trin.	For peace I vainly strive!	
15	4	M	Machutus	JOLT.	
16	5	Tu		Why, what is lovely Lucy dead?	
17	6	W	Hugh Bp. of Lincoln	DAMON.	
18	7	Th		As sure as your'e alive.	
19	8	F			
20	9	S	Edmund, K. & M.	Her grave is dug; her knell is rung,	
21	10	C	24 Sun. aft. Trin.	She's in her winding sheet:	
22	11	M	Cecilia	Old Mart. Day	
23	12	Tu	St. Clement	And the sad dirge for her they sung,	
24	13	W		Next meeting I'll repeat.	
25	14	Th	Duke Glouc. bo.	Catharine	
26	15	F		And now they part with aching head,	
27	16	S		Each for his sweetheart sobbing;	
28	17	C	Advent Sunday	Sad Damon to his sleepless bed,	
29	18	M	Term ends	And Jolt to supper Dobbin.	
30	19	T	St. Andrew		

Observations in NOVEMBER.

M	Clock
D	aft. Sun.
1	16 15
6	16 7
11	15 38
16	14 47
21	13 36
26	12 6

Now Winter spreads his wide domains
O'er meadows, gardens, woods and plains,
While, pinch'd, with cold, see Dolly blows
Her fingers first, and then her nose.

1	7	a	9	13	47	19	Medusa
2	8		13	15	45	20	Dorinda
3	9		29	17	43	21	Lucy
4	10		46	19	41	22	Lappit
5	11		55	21	39	23	Diomedes
6	morn			22	38	24	Mac-beth
7	1		6	24	36	25	Susan
8	2		15	26	34	26	Suck
9	3		25	27	33	27	Jane
10	4		37	29	31	28	Muck
11	5		53	31	29	29	Jack
12	D	fets		32	28	N	Straw
13	4	a	1	34	26	2	
14	4		43	35	25	3	
15	5		36	37	23	4	
16	6		49	38	22	5	Now days
17	8		16	40	20	6	grow cold
18	9		43	41	19	7	and nights
19	11		10	43	17	8	grow longer
20	morn			44	16	9	this is the
21	0		35	46	14	10	season for't,
22	1		58	47	13	11	'Cause heat
23	3		23	48	12	12	grows less
24	4		47	50	10	13	and cold
25	6		10	51	9	14	grows
26	D	rises		52	8	15	stronger,
27	3	a	55	53	7	16	and that's
28	4		48	54	6	17	a reason
29	5		53	55	4	18	for't.
30	7		6	56	3	19	Joe
							Nailor

As I am now, so must thou be.
Here comes the consequential
sum; and here follows the im-
portant question,

What am I?

A fool (answered my wife at
some distance) for leaving the
pigstye door unpegg'd, and now
the pig is got out. Then, said
I, let the sow drive it in again.
And pray now, answered she, in
what light do I appear a sow?
—Only my dear, replied I, with
the greatest degree of calmness,
as I perceived she spoke with
some share of warmth, only for
marrying such a swine as I am.

A soft answer turneth away
wrath. She retreated with a
smile of conviction, and I peace-
fully pursued my contempla-
tions.

What am I?

A Caput Mortuum.—A decay'd,
unfurnish'd room, once stored
with all that wild fancy could
contrive, or deluded imagination
collect; crowded continually
with the various assemblage of
fleeing ideas, which daily
chang'd with the shifting scene,
and are now for ever vanished.
Here, no more delighted with
flattering prospects, or disturbed
by gloomy apprehensions, 'till
the last morn appears sleeps the
once busy head in silence most
profound.

DECEMBER hath xxxi Days.

M	Decl.
D	South

Laft Quarter	4	} Day {	9 hrs. 52 Min. After.	1	21	58	
New Moon	12		1	6 Min. After.	6	22	38
First Quarter	19		8	2 Min. Morn.	11	23	6
Full Moon	26		2	46 Min. Aft.	16	23	23
☉ enters ♍ 21st day at 2 hours 53 min. more				21	23	28	
				26	23	21	

1	20	W	
2	21	Th	
3	22	F	Porto Bello ta. 1739
4	23	S	
5	24	C	2 Sun. in Advent
6	25	M	Nicholas
7	26	Tu	
8	27	W	Conception
9	28	Th	
10	29	F	R. Mort. E. M. hang
11	30	S	(1330.
12	Dec.	C	3 Sun. in Advent
13	2	M	Lucy
14	3	Tu	
15	4	W	Ember Week
16	5	Th	Cam. Term ends
17	6	F	Oxf. Term ends
18	7	S	
19	8	C	4 Sun. in Advent
20	9	M	
21	10	Tu	St. Thomas
22	11	W	
23	12	Th	Capt. Death kill'd,
24	13	F	(1757.
25	14	S	Christmas Day
26	15	C	1 S. aft. Christ.
27	16	M	St. John
28	17	Tu	Holy Innocents
29	18	W	
30	19	Th	
31	20	F	Silvester B. Rome

The DIRGE.

Weep, lovely virgins, weep,
Round beauties clay cold bed;
Look here and see what you must be;
And mourn o'er Lucy dead,

Thou Sun about to shed
The parting ray of light,
Again shalt rise, but those bright
eyes
Are set in endless night.

Come swains and look your last;
Think how your hopes are flown;
While here below (ah sight of woe!)
Lies Lucy, dead and gone,

Yet Hope (while thus we wail,)
On high among the blest,
Points out a scene of joys serene,
And everlasting rest.

Shortest Day

Then cease the heaving sigh,
And wipe the falling tear;
See Lucy rise above the skies,
And shine an angel there.

St. Stephen

Observations in DECEMBER:

M	Clock
D	aft. Sun
1	10 18
6	8 14
11	5 57
16	3 32
21	1 2
26	bef

Now tap the barrel, mend the fire,
While flowing bowls your souls inspire;
While mirth, while glee, with dainty fare,
And Christmas gambols close the year.

1	8 a	19	58	2	20	Kissing
2	9	32	59	1	21	Kate.
3	10	42	VIII	11	22	Noisy
4	11	48			23	Nell
5	morn		1	59	24	Dumplin
6	1	0	2	58	25	Dick
7	2	12	3	57	26	
8	3	25	4	56	27	Now's the
9	4	41	4	56	28	time for
10	5	59	5	55	29	maids to rise
11	7	23	5	55	N	And clean
12	D	fets	6	54	1	their house
13	4 a	25	6	54	2	and make
14	5	48	7	53	3	their pies;
15	7	16	7	53	4	But wipe
16	8	45	7	53	5	your nose
17	10	11	8	52	6	'ere you
18	11	35	8	52	7	begin,
19	morn		8	52	8	And mind
20	0	57	8	52	9	that not a
21	2	20	8	52	10	drop goes in
22	3	44	8	52	11	Plumb
23	5	7	8	52	12	Pudding
24	6	26	8	52	13	Roast
25	7	32	7	53	14	Beef
26	D	rises	7	53	15	Minc'd
27	4 a	35	7	53	16	Pies
28	5	49	6	54	17	Kissing
29	7	3	6	54	18	Ale
30	8	14	5	55	19	and
31	9	23	5	55	20	Cards

I perceive that For. Effie, and Futurus, will furnish us with sufficient matter of observation in our speculations yet to come. For the present, let us look with an eye of critical curiosity upon what now remains of this once tenanted ruin. Behold that large cavity! there once pre-fided the brain; (observe, gentle reader, I am not speaking of my own head)—yes, in this horrible vacuum Reason once held her seat; hence she issued her mandates, and directed the whole machine; while through those two avenues, now for ever useless, she received her foreign intelligence: those two dismal holes were once the casements of the room, and the conductors of light; but the windows are now shattered, and dull darkness has taken possession.

That grinning orifice was the lodging of loquacity, but the organ of speech is now in endless silence—never more to bless its maker, or curse his image.

But see the new year hasting forward on wings of impatience; while the old one now soaring away to the realms of oblivion, in the language of the object of our stent meditations, thus apostrophises it:

'As I am now, so must thou be.'

L A W T E R M S, &c.

Hilary Term begins *January 23*, ends *February 12*.

Returns or Effoign Days.	Ex.	Ret.	Ap.	W. D.
In eight Days of St. Hilary, - - -	Jan. 20	21	22	23 Friday
From the Day of St. Hilary in 15 Days,	27	28	29	30 Friday
On the Morrow of the Pur. Blessed Mary,	Feb. 3	4	5	6 Friday
In eight Days of the Pur. Blessed Mary,	9	10	11	12 Thur.

Easter Term begins *April 28*, ends *May 24*.

From the Day of Easter in 15 Days, - - -	Apr. 25	26	27	28 Wedn.
From the Day of Easter in 3 Weeks, - - -	May 2	3	4	5 Wedn.
From the Day of Easter in 1 Month, - - -	9	10	11	12 Wedn.
From the Day of Easter in 5 Weeks, - - -	16	17	18	19 Wedn.
On the Morrow of the Ascension, - - -	21	22	23	24 Mond.

Trinity Term begins *June 11*, ends *June 30*.

On the Morrow of the Holy Trinity, - - -	June 7	8		11 Friday
In eight Days of the Holy Trinity	13	14	15	16 Wedn.
From the Day of the Holy Trinity in 15 Days	20	21	22	23 Wedn.
From the Day of the Holy Trin. in 3 Weeks	27	28	29	30 Wedn.

Michaelmas Term begins *Nov. 6*, ends *Nov. 29*.

On the Morrow of All Souls - - -	Nov. 3	4	5	6 Satur.
On the Morrow of St. Martin - - -	12	13	14	15 Mond.
In eight Days of St. Martin - - -	18	19	20	22 Mond.
From the Day of St. Martin in fifteen Days	25	26	27	29 Mond.

N. B. No Sittings in *Westminster-hall* on Ascension-day, Midsummer-day, and the second of *February*.

The *Exchequer* opens eight Days before any Term, except Trinity; before which it opens but four Days.

Note, That the first and last Days every Term, are the first and last Days of Appearance.

If you a needy Wretch would frighten;
 If you a heavy purse would lighten;
 Or in your case there is a flaw,
 To find it out;—why go to law.

POOR ROBIN,

1784.

PART THE SECOND.

Whose whole Contents you'll best discover
By sitting down and looking over.

Golden Number 18.—Epaet 7.

ASTRONOMICAL CHARACTERS,

PLANETS

- ☉ The Sun.
- ☾ The Moon.
- ☿ Mercury.
- ♀ Venus.
- ♂ Mars.
- ♃ Jupiter.
- ♄ Saturn.
- ♊ Ascending Nodes.
- ♋ Descending Node.
- ♌ Conjunction.
- ♍ Opposition.

SIGNS of the ZODIAC.

- ♈ Aries.
- ♉ Taurus.
- ♊ Gemini.
- ♋ Cancer.
- ♌ Leo.
- ♍ Virgo.
- ♎ Libra.
- ♏ Scorpio.
- ♐ Sagittarius.
- ♑ Capricorn.
- ♒ Aquarius.
- ♓ Pisces.

THE ANATOMY.



A Scheme on Rules of Art so deeply grounded,
The more you look, the more you'll be confounded.

The ECLIPSES in the Year 1784.

To tell how many there will be,
 Perhaps would puzzle you and me ;
 If we should take in those that wait
 On Health, on Fortune, and Estate.
 Where Miss—Miss who ?—L—d help my Head,
 Mismanagement (I would have said)
 Once gets the Lead, then Pox and Gout,
 And Plagues within, and Plagues without,
 And Poverty with tatter'd Garment,
 And Lawyer's Letter full of Harm in't ;
 With Draper's, Tailor's, Doctor's Bills,
 For Clothing some, and some for Pills.
 But you'd be dead, ere I before ye
 Could lay down half the dismal Story ;
 So, Reader, here I think it best
 To cease my Rhime, so guess the Rest.

If my Judgment fails not, the First Eclipse will be the first Hour in the new Year ; when some poor Lass, having danced the old one out, to the great Detriment of her Health and her Shoe Heels, and inspired with Love, inflamed with Liquor, at the same Time deluded with lying Promises from a false Deceiver, shall in the Fullness of her Heart at an unguarded Moment give up her Maidenhead ; by which Means, although her Honesty may be unimpeached, yet her Honour will be eclipsed during Life, so true are the Words of the Poet :

“ Women, their Honour gone, their Fate deplore,
 “ And set like Stars that fall to rise no more.”

The Second will probably be about two or three Hours later, when the Senses of the Bacchanalian Revellers, by too largely imbibing what when taken in Moderation inspires the Fancy, and improves the mental Faculties, shall be so totally eclipsed, that Mirth shall give Way to Madness, Friendship to Fighting, and Blast your Eyes shall drive Bless your Soul quite out of the Company.

But mind this Hint, where Riot reels
 Repentance follows at his Heels.

The Third.—But to enumerate the Whole would far exceed the Pages allotted for this Performance ; I will, therefore, at this Time (leaving the rest) follow my blessed Guide, the divine Astræa, to the Heavens, and see what Eclipses I can find out there.

Of the ECLIPSES of the Sun and Moon.

That there are Four you need not doubt,
 The Times I'll lay before ye;
 But how I did to find it out,
 Why that's another Story.

The First will be an Eclipse of the Sun on Friday, the Twentieth of February, near half past eight at Night; or, to speak in the Language of Star-mengers, at 8 Hours, 25 Min. P. M. but as the Sun sets that Day at a little past five, it is a Crown to a Crab's Claw whether we in England shall perceive any Thing of it, but the Cuckolds in South America may see it at Cape Horn.

The Second, which will be visible to all who shall be able to see it, will be on Sunday, the Tenth Day of March, in the Morning; and, to satisfy all his Majesty's loyal Subjects in North and South Britain, take the following Calculation:

	London.		Edinburgh.		
	H.	M.	H.	M.	
Beginning	2	16	2	3	Morn.
Middle -	3	28	3	15	Apparent Digits ec. $4^{\circ}36'$.
End -	4	39	4	26	Time.

This Eclipse will be visible to most Parts of Europe and Africa, and to the Whole of that great Continent of North and South America.

Of this Eclipse I'll read no Lecture,
 And so, I pray, let every thinking Man
 Most freely pass his own Conjecture,
 Some as they please, and others how they can.

The Third is an Eclipse of the Sun on Sunday, August the Fifteenth. It will be a very great annular Eclipse in the North-East Parts of Asia, and North-West Parts of North America.

The Fourth and last, is a partial Eclipse of the Moon. It will happen on Monday, the Thirtieth of August, but will be invisible to the Inhabitants of our great Metropolis, as the Eclipse will be over at seven Minutes past four o'Clock in the Afternoon; Digits darkened at the Middle of the Eclipse, will be eight on the Moon's lower Limb; it will, however, be visible to the whole Continent of Asia, and the End will extend itself as far as the Island of Madagascar, and the Eastern Parts of the African Continent. It will be fatal to all the Counties in Cuckoldom, as the Moon will then be vertical to Cape False.

The surprizing Story of the WITCH of the WOODLANDS.

CHAPTER. VI. Continued.

I Finished (if I remember aright) my last with the Witch's first Speech to the Triumviri of Illiterari.—Next comes :

Death and Hell and Desolation,
 What a Scene of sore Vexation ;
 Scenes of Sorrows, Scenes of Trouble,
 Plagues increase, and Torments double.
 Stings that make a Mortal madder
 Than Sting of Hornet, Scorpion, Adder.
 Think direful Poison now you swallow ;
 Think then in Hell-broth now you'll wallow :
 Or dream your Wife's alive, yet worse
 Is now the Plague, is now the Curse.

But, I think, by the Way of Novelty, a little Blank Verse would come in very well here—For a Change, let us try.

Kind hearted Nymphs, and eke ye gentle Swains,
 Lament the Case of Beetle—Blunder—Clod.
 Oh ! sweetly swell the Snow-white panting Breast,
 And softly, gently breathe the heaving Sigh ;
 Matrons or Maids, or manly Youth in Bloom,
 Oh ! kindly aid me with a direful Dirge.
 Come, creeping wrinkled Age, with hobbling Crutch,
 And weep, and groan, and howl along with me.
 Hence, Mirth, with all thy vain and sportive Tales ;
 Mad Laughter, hence, with all thy idle Jokes.—
 But, come—deep moping Melancholy, come,
 Musing, with Visage long and grave Eyes,
 And——

If this be not Blank Verse, I never wrote Blank Verse in my Life.—Milton once attempted such a Thing ; but he, alas ! (poor Man) quite missed his Mark.—It is true, that he once wrote a Poem containing even twelve Books, without one single Rhime ; but then he filled it so up with Sense, Sublimity, Learning, and Sentiment, that there was not a single Blank through the whole Performance. Whereas, if you search in the above-written for Sensibility, Learning, Sublimity, Rhime or Reason, Wit or Sentiment, you may poke and pore till you are as blind as a Beetle, and as grey as a Badger ; but, hang me, or (as I would rather chuse) hang my Wife, if you don't at last find it all a Blank ; and, was it not for Measure, it would not be a Jot superior to modern Prose.

And here, gentle Reader, for your Improvement in this profound Art, while you have a Model before you, I have just left four Lines to try your Hand in.

But, pray, my good Sir (says Miss Phœbe Pry) why this Digression, at a Time when you expressed the greatest Distress?—Why, Madam, in a Case like this, there is the more Reason for a Digression, were it only to relax my troubled Spirits. As every Day brings its Troubles, so every Day shews the Necessity of such a Thing. What is getting drunk, but a Digression from the stinted Rules of Sobriety? Or what is keeping sober, but a dry Walk out of the common Road of deep drinking? In short, human Life (if you narrowly inspect it) is nothing else but one continued Chain of Digressions. When we spring from the Womb, we make a Digression from still Life to active; and when we walk into the Grave, we digress again from Activity to a silent Stillness: And, indeed, so fond am I of Digressions, that, if they lie in my Way, I naturally stumble over them.—If not—I look around to the Right and the Left, till I can happily find one.

Alas! who would bear the Burden of Troubles and Infirmities incident to human Nature; dragging them through a tedious Life, like a Packhorse in a dirty Lane; were it not that ever and anon there opens a pleasing Avenue for a Child of Genius to make a short Excursion out of?—He there, for a while happily digressing out of the beaten Path, amuses himself with all the Variety the Scene will admit; then slips again into the common Road, and amuses his fellow Travellers with a Recital of the wonderful Prospects he has seen in the delightful Walks of Digression.

Blessed Digression! I bid thee, like a Goddess, all Hail.—Oh, when shall I see the Day wherein the Children of Fancy shall sing *Ave Digressio* with the same heart-felt Enthusiasm as the Devotees of Rome sing *Ave Maria*—The ancient Romans had Gods and Goddesses for most Things, down from Juno, the Queen of Heaven, to Cloacina, the Goddess of the Closestool; but the Deification of thee was left to thy silent Admirer, Poor Robin, Knight of the Burnt Island: Propitious mayest thou be to his ardent Request; *ob!* many a future Page mayest thou fill up for thy humble Supplicant.

And now, gentle Reader, I beg Leave to continue my Story of the Witch of the Woodlands; not in a zigzag Manner, as if I had all my Life been a Fabricator of Cabbage-Nets, but in a direct Line, as straight as a May-Pole.

The surprising Story of the WITCH of the WOODLANDS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Witch, after repeating the Charm, the Verse, or Incantation, or by whatever Name you please to call it, advancing to the Middle of the Room, gently pointed her Wand to the Candle, which as yet hung at the Top of the Ceiling; it gradually descended, till taking it in her Hand, she set it upon a Table which stood covered upon her Right Hand with a black Cloth, in the Middle of which stood a magical Machine, the Name of which they did not know.—On the one Side (for the Table was a long one) stood a Pair of Globes; on the other was placed an Armillary Sphere, and by the Side of that a Reflecting Telescope, which Blunder (rather mistaking the Matter) asked the Use of; and to which Beetle right wisely replied, that he apprehended it to be a diabolical Gun, filled with sympathetic Witch Powder, to blow out the Brains of the first Person who should disturb her in her nocturnal Operations.—Behind the Table was a Space for the Witch, when she pleased to be in; and lastly, against the Wall were Shelves loaded with Books of antient Date, and Bottles and Gallypots filled, undoubtedly, with noxious Poisons, collected at Planetary Hours from baleful Plants. The Wall was either painted or covered with a sable Hue; and in the Middle stood a Death's-Head, crowned with Laurels, supported by two Thigh Bones.

She then turning her Face to the Left, spoke thus:

Mocane, here—reach me a Chair.

Immediately a two-armed Chair came tumbling down the Stairs, a Knob of which hit Blunder over the Head; at the same Time, one of the Feet grazing upon Clod's Shin, set him for the first Time a praying; and for which Beetle reprehended him, telling him that it was (in his Opinion) as bad to pray upon a Witch's Premises, as it would be to swear in a Church. He then ordered Blunder to hand her Ladyship the Chair; Blunder very modestly excused himself by observing, that he humbly apprehended no one under the Dignity of an Esquire might with Safety presume to do himself that Honour.—He then nodded at Clod; but Clod had (expecting as much) very sagaciously shut his Eyes; and when Beetle asked the Reason—he told him he had got the Ear-ache in them.—Beetle then stooping down, took hold of it himself, but unfortunately, as he was lifting it up, he run a rusty old Nail which stuck beside the lower Step into his Knuckle; this he imagined to be no less than the Sting of some Reptile, for he had not yet got Clod's Serpent out of his Head; he, however, twitching his Arm away in a Hurry, away flew the Chair into the Middle of the Room, which the Witch received, and seating herself therein, fell backwards into it, with
her

her Eyes fixed, her Fists clenched, and her whole Body as stiff as what Susan throws out of the Jordan, after it has endured the Inclemencies of a frosty Night.—Fetch some Water, said Beetle.—I do not know where there is any, replied Blunder.—I am making some, says Clod, if you can but find a Pot.

She, however, in a short Time awoke from her Trance, and after having cast a ghastly Look around, thrice she shook her Head; three Times she struck her Magic Wand against the Ground, and then she thus addressed her trembling Audience.

All three—List to me.

She further added,

Attend now with Care

Thou Lord of the good Lands,

To what thou shalt hear

From the Witch of the Woodlands.

She then proceeded thus,

Lapland was my Native Place,
Thence my Origin I trace;
There Sister Witches did impart
Unto me the Magic Art;
There I learn'd by various Charms
To forward, or to hinder Harms;
To be to Sailors rough or kind,
How to raise or calm a Wind;
To make the raging Ocean roar,
While foaming Billows lash the Shore.
While Thunders roll, and Lightning flashes,
Consuming Cottages to Ashes;
While we aloft on Broomstuffs striding,
Or in a Sieve securely riding;
O'er the rude Heath while Heavens do scowl,
And Tempests make the Deserts howl;
While lofty Trees by Winds up torn
Upon their Wings full far are born,
When anon perchance they fall
Gainst Infant crouching near the Wall;
Then in Silence most profound,
As they're spinning from the Wound,
(Dropping sudden from on high,
Through the Regions of the Sky,)
We with Caution catch his Brains,
Which well reward our Care and Pains;
And mingled with a Tiger's Blood,
Makes a potent Charm, and good.

The Effect which this Speech had upon Beetle in his future Life and Behaviour, will (if I guess aright) be seen in the Ninety-seventh Chapter of this delectable History; where I shall shew how Beetle, studying Divinity, commenced a Conjuror; how Blunder was miraculously transformed into a Methodist Parson, and Clod was married to a Justice of the Peace.

Suffice it to say here, that the Witch then charged them, while the Incantations, and all other the Magical Ceremonies of that solemn Night were performing, that they should say nothing but what they spoke in Rhyme.

Must we speak Sense too? said Blunder.—No further (quoth she) than your Abilities will reach.—That is right (replied Clod) for we have brought none with us; and if we have left any at Home, I am sure not a Soul of us knows where to find it.—She then continued thus.

For your Sake, said she (looking earnestly on Beetle) I have employed this Night seven foul Fiends, eighteen Imps, and one Ghost; beside Mad Tom, a sublunary Being under my Command, who is necessary for conducting Hillario in, as soon as a Lapland Sister, whom I have gotten this Night to assist me, shall by her Powers in Necromancy have brought him through the Air to the Gate of my Mansion; which will be by what Time the Owl has given the third Scream, and the Village Clock has struck twelve.

Beetle, who at this Time wished his Mother at the Devil for bringing him into this World of Troubles, here spoke.

And pray, said Beetle in a hurry, what is he to do here?

The Witch starting up suddenly, and waving her Wand over their Heads, hastily replied,

Son of Ignorance, avast;

Say no more—or speak thy last.

Now stood Beetle and Blunder motionless as Statues.—Clod did the very Reverse, for he shook in every Limb; while the Witch standing erect before them, and three Times striking her Wand upon the Ground, spoke as follows:

Thou, O Man, my Skill shalt boast
When from the Shades I raise a Ghost:
And such a one I'll this Night raise,
Shall make thee during Life to praise
My potent Art, and hence declare
My Powers with the Prince o'th' Air:
Thy Foe, Hillario, shall be carried
To this same Spot, and here be married.
A Maid who for Hillario dy'd,
This same Night shall be his Bride;

She

She for him resign'd her Breath
 By a cold and wat'ry Death :
 Her he ruin'd Life and Limb,
 She this Night shall ruin him.
 To Lakes of burning Fire below
 He this very Night shall go.
 He who did the cruel Deed
 Shall hither be convey'd with Speed ;
 Tho' full sore against his Will—
 She this Night shall have him still.
 Then she o'er her new gain'd Prize
 Evermore shall tyrannise ;
 And further to secure her lawful Prey,
 You, Beetle, here shall give the Rogue away.

Beetle, upon hearing this, with Hope and Fear, both of which were well expressed in his Countenance, "Grinn'd horribly a 'ghastly Smile.'"—(I thank you, Mr. Milton ; that Line is so very expressive, and suits my Purpose so extremely well, that I cannot forbear repeating it.)—Now, said Beetle, rubbing his Hands together charily, while he grinn'd horribly a ghastly Smile, I think, said he, that Things go well.

Aye, said Blunder, scratching his left Eye-brow as he spoke, and remembering the Witch's Injunctions ;—Yes, Sir, said he, there'll be warm Doings in Hell.

But now, says the Witch, methinks it is Time
 To ask you some Questions, and see how you'll rhyme.

So turning to the Esquire, says she—Can you make Rhymes ?

Beetle, making three reverend Bows, replied—Yes, sometimes.

Well, next said she—Can you rhyme, Blunder ?

Blunder made thirty Bows before he could hit upon one ;
 at last, said he——If I do, it's a Wonder.

She next asked Clod, if he could rhyme ?—Clod fell a clawing his Posteriors, and opening his Mouth, he turned himself East, West, North, and South, but the Devil a Rhime could he raise out of any Quarter.—She said again—Can you rhyme, Clod ?—He very bluntly answered—No, by ——

Well, said she—but speak your Words without mouthing.

Now were they all three at a Stand ; but while they stood looking wishfully upon each other, a lucky Thought popp'd into Beetle's Head.—So pulling a Book immediately out of his Pocket, Madam, said he—here is

A TABLE

A TABLE of the MOON's SOUTHING.

1784.

Days.	Jan. H. M.	Feb. H. M.	March. H. M.	April. H. M.	May. H. M.	June. H. M.
1	7A.24	8A.30	8A. 8	9A.15	9A.20	10A.17
2	8 11	9 21	8 57	9 58	10 4	11 15
3	9 0	10 12	9 44	10 39	10 49	Morn.
4	9 51	11 0	10 29	11 20	11 39	0 16
5	10 42	11 45	11 11	Morn.	Morn.	1 21
6	11 33	Morn.	11 52	0 4	0 33	2 25
7	Morn.	0 28	Morn.	0 52	1 31	3 25
8	0 23	1 10	0 33	1 42	2 33	4 20
9	1 9	1 50	1 15	2 36	3 36	5 12
10	1 54	2 32	1 59	3 35	4 37	6 0
11	2 36	3 13	2 47	4 37	5 34	6 46
12	3 16	3 58	3 38	5 38	6 28	7 32
13	3 56	4 45	4 33	6 38	7 17	8 19
14	4 37	5 37	5 33	7 34	8 5	9 8
15	5 19	6 34	6 34	8 26	8 51	9 59
16	6 6	7 36	7 37	9 16	9 37	10 51
17	6 55	8 40	8 36	10 4	10 26	11 45
18	7 51	9 44	9 33	10 52	11 16	0A.38
19	8 52	10 45	10 26	11 41	0A. 9	1 29
20	9 59	11 43	11 17	0A.31	1 3	2 17
21	11 5	0A.36	0A. 6	1 23	1 57	3 2
22	0A. 9	1 25	0 56	2 17	2 50	3 45
23	1 8	2 13	1 46	3 11	3 40	4 25
24	2 2	3 1	2 36	4 6	4 27	5 5
25	2 51	3 50	3 28	4 58	5 11	5 44
26	3 38	4 40	4 22	5 46	5 53	6 26
27	4 24	5 32	5 15	6 32	6 34	7 10
28	5 11	6 25	6 8	7 16	7 14	7 59
29	5 58	7 18	6 59	7 57	7 55	8 52
30	6 47		7 47	8 39	8 36	9 51
31	7 38		8 33		9 26	

G.

A TABLE of the MOON's SOUTHING.

1784.

Day.	July. H. M.	August. H. M.	Sept. H. M.	Oct. H. M.	Nov. H. M.	Dec. H. M.
1	10A.56	Morn.	1M.10	1M.40	3M.13	3M.33
2	Morn.	0 43	2 2	2 34	4 7	4 19
3	0 0	1 37	2 53	3 28	4 59	5 2
4	1 5	2 28	3 45	4 25	5 47	5 42
5	2 4	3 17	4 37	5 21	6 32	6 22
6	2 59	4 6	5 32	6 13	7 14	7 2
7	3 50	4 55	6 27	7 2	7 54	7 42
8	4 38	5 46	7 20	7 50	8 34	8 24
9	5 24	6 38	8 11	8 33	9 15	9 10
10	6 11	7 32	8 59	9 14	9 56	10 1
11	7 0	8 25	9 45	9 55	10 40	10 56
12	7 50	9 17	10 27	10 35	11 29	11 55
13	8 42	10 7	11 8	11 16	0A.22	0A.58
14	9 35	10 55	11 49	11 59	1 19	1 58
15	10 28	11 39	0A.29	0A.45	2 19	2 56
16	11 20	0A.21	1 10	1 35	3 19	3 50
17	0A.9	1 1	1 54	2 29	4 17	4 41
18	0 55	1 41	2 40	3 27	5 12	5 29
19	1 39	2 21	3 31	4 26	6 4	6 16
20	2 20	3 2	4 26	5 24	6 54	7 3
21	2 59	3 46	5 25	6 22	7 43	7 51
22	3 38	4 34	6 24	7 17	8 30	8 42
23	4 19	5 26	7 24	8 10	9 18	9 36
24	5 1	6 23	8 23	9 0	10 9	10 32
25	5 47	7 24	9 19	9 49	11 2	11 27
26	6 37	8 27	10 13	10 39	11 57	Morn.
27	7 32	9 29	11 5	11 30	Morn.	0 21
28	8 33	10 29	11 56	Morn.	0 54	1 12
29	9 37	11 26	Morn.	0 24	1 50	2 0
30	10 41	Morn.	0 47	1 19	2 43	2 44
31	11 44	0 19		2 16		3 25

You see, said Blunder, my Master has Wit when he chuses it.
Oh yes, said Clod—But he very seldom uses it.

Come, says the Witch—so far 'tis very well,

But now, ere I begin my Midnight Spell—

She was going on, when fierce Lightning blazed in at the Window, and hoarse Thunder rolled above them.—This was attended by a frightful Noise—when the Witch starting, spoke as follows :

Howl ! howl ! howl !

Three Howls, and a Peal of Thunder,

Lightning Flashes—who comes yonder ?

Yonder (if I'm not mistaken)

Comes the Ghost of Friar Bacon,

With a long black Beard, bald Head, Ferret's Eyes, and a

Pig's Snout.—

Says Blunder—Mercy on us !—I wish I was out.

The Witch thus continued,

So ho, so ho—The sooner you come, the sooner you'll go.

Stand at the Door—while I call more.

This was immediately followed by the Noise of somewhat stamping round the House ; to which she cried, while Chains most horribly rattled,

Pod Thump ; Pod Thump ;

With a round Head, and a rough Rump,

Heavy Heels, and a high Hump.

Come, Barquest, come along ;

I know thee among the Throng,

By thy dismal rattling Noise—

Terror thou of Girls and Boys.

Come thou ugly, frightful Spright,

Do thy Duty here To-night.

Do you keep Guard

Around the Yard.

Silence ensued—when the Witch recollecting herself, and turning to Clod—Do you (said she) remember what I said ?

Yes (said Clod) and I had a Rhyme to it, but you have frightened it out of my Head.

The Witch replied,

My Wish is now, ere I my Charms rehearse,

Further to try how you can speak in Verse.

She then asked them a Question.—Beetle pondered it over, but could make nothing at all of it.—It was to Clod like a negative Quantity in Algebra : He made a plaguy deal less than nothing of it.—Beetle nodded at Blunder.—Blunder, after deeply considering the Matter, spoke thus :

Why, look ye here—I've no Pretence

To find at once both Rhyme and Sense.

Help me out, Clod—this Question's very hard.

I had rather (said Clod) that Friar Bacon would help Bar-quest out of the Yard.

Is that the Case (says Blunder,—well, why then

I must get your Devilship to ask me over agen.

After some Time the Witch repeated her Sentence, which related to Hillario; whom her Lapland Sister was that Night to convey thither upon a Broomstaff.—It ran thus.

To see a Man ride through the Air,

O'er River, Hill, or Mead—

To which Blunder replied,

Or to see a Cow bulling a Bear,

Is strange News indeed.

Blunder silently waited the Witch's Answer.—She had but just Time to say,

Enough, enough—of this vile Stuff,

When such a dismal Chorus of Howls, Schrieches, Sighs, and Groans were heard around the House, as almost petrified the wise Assembly; which the Witch perceiving, said,

What, are ye frightened?—speak, and don't dissemble.

No (replied Clod)—but I hope you'll give us Leave to tremble.

The Witch then hastening behind the Table, and hastily snatching the Telescope, turning it towards the Window, said thus:

Brown and white, and black and blue,

Ghosts and Fiends of ev'ry Hue;

Helter skelter, look you how

We have them all about us now,

Pawaw, pawaw.

Grisly Goblin come along,

Head of all the frightful Throng;

Quickly speed, make no Delay,

Goblin ghastly come away.

A Friend of mine, and a Servant of thine,

Implores thy kind Assistance:

Quoth Beetle—then may I ask Leave to pray

That it may be at twenty Miles Distance.

A Plague consume my foolish Head,

I wish that I was safe in Bed.

The Witch went on thus—Yell, yell, yell;

Newly broken out of Hell,

Comes a Fury stretching wide,

Forty Furlongs at a Stride;

Bellowing ev'ry Step he takes,

Rends the Sky, while Ocean quakes;

Ruins Cities at a Stroke,

Vomits Fire, and belches Smoak:

All the other Furies fear him—

(Quoth Beetle, by the Blood I hear him.)

Great

Great Head, and Body spare;
 Mouth stretch'd from Ear to Ear.
 Belly all o'ergrown with Scales,
 Dragon's Feet, with Harpies Nails.

She then to the sitting Spirits thus address'd herself:

Though Hall or Castle I have not,
 Welcome to my humble Cot;
 Welcome to my Mansion small;
 Welcome one, and welcome all.
 I've no Lands to leave behind,
 Lusty Lad, nor Daughter kind:
 I've no Beauty, Youth, or Health,
 Nor no Heaps of hoarded Wealth:
 But wrinkled Age, and foul Disgrace,
 Shame and Want supply their Place.
 I've no Friend to go and see,
 None I love, and none loves me:
 None to help a Wretch so kind,
 Almost lame, and almost blind.
 Not a Soul that wills me well;
 None that I wish out of Hell.
 Nought to do from Day to Day,
 But say my Pray'rs the backward Way;
 Mumbling Curies 'twixt my Jaws;
 Stumbling oft at cross'd Straws.
 Or, by Brink of pois'nous Wells,
 Picking noxious Herbs for Spells.
 Else, by Gates at Ends of Towns,
 Begging Pins of silly Clowns;
 For which Favour long I court,
 Afterward bestride them for't.
 Tell me, tell me, all ye Hosts
 Of Goblins grim, and grisly Ghosts;
 Tell me if Deformity
 Fitteth well your Company;
 Meagre Looks, and hollow Eyes,
 Furrow'd Face, and foul Disguise;
 And admit me of your Crew,
 To hobble and gobble, and stumble and grumble,
 To shriek and howl, and grunt and growl,
 Grisly Ghosts, along with you.

Now, it is wonderful hard, and plaguy provoking, that the
 Genius of any Man should be cramped down to just three Sheets
 of Paper.—When I was got into the very Marrow of the Matter,
 and scribbling away as if I wrote more for Profit than Fame,
 which by the bye is either the Truth, or very much like the

Truth

Truth ; behold, at my Elbow stood my dear Rib, alias my spare Rib.—Do you remember (said she) that you have but two Pages to cram the four Seasons into?—Why now (said I) this is a lamentable Case, and like a Bullet, or a Bullock's Liver, hard to be digested.—“ 'Tis true 'tis Pity, and Pity 'tis, 'tis true.”—Well, my good Masters,

This Witch's Tale ; what shall we say about it ?

Why—If you can't have it, you must go without it.

I was going on, you see, in a direct Path, and galloping away at a surprising Rate when my dear Lady stopp'd my Career with the above Reflection.

Well, said I, what can't be cur'd must be endur'd ; and he who can't be served to Day must wait till To-morrow.—Time and Tide stay for no Man ; so what this Year fails in, the next must make out.—If it please the Fates to furnish me with Life that is long, and Liquor that's strong, I hope to tell my Tale out yet. I hope, too, when my kind Customers have read my this Year's Productions carefully and diligently over, they will not think their Nine-pence mispent.—The Calendar we will rate at Six-pence ; now if you can glean out of the whole but one single Pennyworth of solid Sense, that makes Seven-pence of your Money ; then as Times go, there is but very little Wit to be had for Two-pence :—So that he who can pick Six-pennyworth of Improvement out of the Prose and Poetry, taking it altogether, may be said to be as good as Three-pence into Pocket.

So since the Matter's so ordain'd,
And ancient Custom long maintain'd,
This stated Rule, with many others,
That yearly we Diarian Brothers,
And ev'ry Fool, and ev'ry wise one,
That makes an Almanack, or buys one ;
Must yearly treat about the Seasons,
Tho' none alive can give their Reasons.

Suffice it here to tell in honest Prose, that Time flows swiftly along, a Dissertation upon which will be given, and the Affair learnedly discussed, when I publish my new Theory of Fluxions ; And then, Master Reviewer in the Mathematical Department, there will be somewhat for you to look at.—But a Work of this Nature requires a Mind at Ease, like that of a Clergyman leaving off Business, and retiring to a Bishoprick.

But now for the Seasons.—There is Thing rhymes to Spring, and Splinter will do very well against Winter : But as to Summer and Autumn, it will require a better Head than mine to find a Rhyme to them ; and so I believe I must order the Matter, Part in Verse, and Part in Prose.

S P R I N G

Now, as old Time, like a Woman's Tongue, is incessantly moving; the teeming Earth can no more retain its Flower than a laughing Maiden can her Water. Plenty descends in the Shape of Showers, and a new World seems to be hatched out of the Shell of the old one.

And while the brilliant God of Day
O'er Northern Signs pursues his Way;
Melodious Songsters charm the Groves,
And harmless Virgins sing their Loves.

S U M M E R.

Now, Lasses, ere you sleep, say your Prayers and search your Smocks; so shall your Souls be free from Trouble, and your Beds from Fleas. Now, Love and Lamb, and Gooseberry Sauce, and begetting of Children, are all in high Vogue. Although the latter is never out of Fashion, for this Reason—the Women in Winter love to do something that will warm them; and when scorching Summer throws them on their Backs, they hate to lie idle.

Now though small Beer may have its Merits,
Yet stronger cheareth most the Spirits.

A U T U M N.

This Quarter follows the other as close as a Woman does her Husband when she suspects he is going to a Bawdy-House. It begins when the Fruits of the Earth are ripe, and ends when they are all got in. Hanging is now about in Fashion; but it is a Death much to be avoided, as it for ever spoils a Man's drinking.

Then, Tyros, take a Friend's Advice,
Nor cut the Cards, nor shake the Dice;
Fond Youth by these are oft undone,
And Tyburn ends what Game begun.

W I N T E R.

This Season brings its Delights, yet is not without its Perplexities. A brisk Fire and plentiful Table are now pleasing Spectacles; but an empty Cupboard and low Coalheap, Sights of Sorrow. Few People can now afford to eat Candles, they burn so many: so the better Sort content themselves with Oysters. At this juncture of Time, Colds like Death are common to all; and he who was of no Religion before, now turns Quaker. Now to conclude the Year with that most cordial Comforter, a self-applauding Conscience,

Let Charity stretch forth her Hand,
And spread her Blessings round the Land:
So may the Gods increase your Store,
And bless the Souls who bless the Poor.

F I N I S.